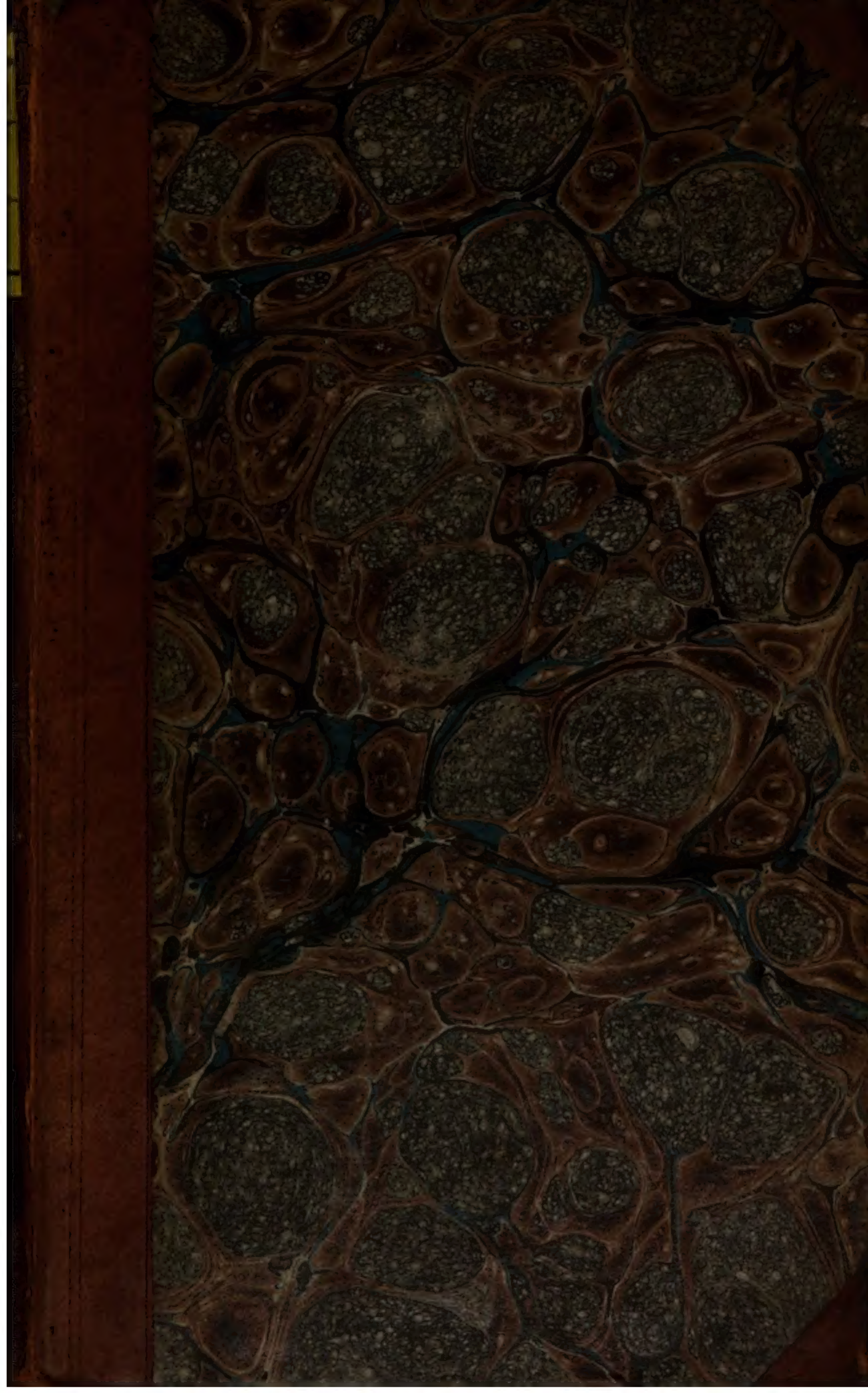




P.O. Angl.
1672

Hodget



**BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.**

ORIGINAL POEMS.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

DEMETRIUS,

AND

THE MISTRESS OF MISTRESS.

AND THREE OTHERS FROM

FAUST.

II

BY CHARLES MURDER.

MUNICH.

PUBLISHED BY JACOB GAYL.

MDCCLXXVI.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

T R A N S L A T I O N S

OF

DEMETRIUS,

PART OF

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA,

AND THREE SCENES FROM

FAUST.

BY CHARLES HODGES.

MUNICH:

PUBLISHED BY JACOB BAYER.

MDCCCXXXVI.

164.D.

ORIGINAL FORMS.

TRANSLATIONS

OF

REMEMBRANCES

TO THE

THE BRIDE OF BRASSIA.

AND THREE OTHERS.

BY

BY CHARLES HODGES.

MURKIN

FORWARDED BY JACOB HATTE

1867

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TO

JOHN HODGSON ESQ.

THIS VOLUME

**IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
BY HIS DEEPLY INDEBTED STEP-SON,**

C. H.

MUNICH: JUNE 30, 1836.

TO

JOHN HODGSON ESQ.

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HIS DEEPLY ENDORSED STEPS

C. H.

NEW YORK: JUNE 30, 1850.

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PART I.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

TO
HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
LEWIS I.,
KING OF BAVARIA.

Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the same.

BYRON.

Though all too worthless for a king,
Scorn not the offering that I bring!
A stranger's lowly lay attend!
O thou! the father and the friend
Of Hellas, in whose fate, the heart
From very boyhood takes a part,
And, wandering through the classic groves,
Reveres, compassionates, and loves.

Of ancient Greece and Grecians, who
That ever read, could tearless view
The last poor remnant of a *line*,
In knowledge, excellence, divine!
Whose day of glory earth before
Ne'er witness'd, nor shall witness more!
Degraded, humbled, and subdued —
Mere puppets of a tyrant's mood! •
A thousand years in thraldom bound —
What marvel, if the seed be found
To bear less acceptable fruit?
Should man approximate the brute?

Ah! many a time, in early life,
When I have some narration read,
With blood and dark oppression rife,
My heart for thee, o Hellas, bled!
I cursed the Infidel, and pray'd
I once might see thy wrongs repaid —
The balance for long injury,
From tyrants due to slaves *when free*!
My prayer was heard; Bavaria's land

Has sent forth a redeeming hand!
Yes! bright hath Otho's reign begun; —
Welcome, as after storms, the sun!
All lips the monarch's name resound,
And love and loyalty abound.
Sprung from a warrior race, a sire
For learning famed, replete with fire, —
Of despots the sworn enemy,
And of *him* who such sought to be;
Of *him*, who for a rock, a throne
Exchanging, found not till too late,
That such is proud Ambition's fate: —
The world was never meant for *ONE*!

Nor let me pass, in silence pass
The dead, who cannot view, alas!
The embryo-scheme his brain conceived,
Which thou, o Lewis! hast achieved.
Byron! *he* who for Hellas yearn'd,
For her, with indignation burn'd,
And when she was by all forsaken;
Herself too weaken'd, sunk too low,

To strike for Liberty the blow,
Did by his minstrelsy awaken
The slumbering Grecian, to his gaze
Holding a mirror of past days;
His harp it was first-thrill'd his breast,
And taught him, bondmen should not rest:
That Freedom's struggle once begun,
Inherited from sire to son,
Might ask long years her rights to gain,
But never — never toil'd in vain! —
On every mountain through the land,
To *him*, a monument should stand —
His name, unto the Grecian dear,
The bark of every tree should bear!

But lo! Athena rears her head!
The Greek, with reverential eye,
Regards those temples of the dead,
He *late* would pass unheeded by:
Athenian wisdom dawns once more!
Minerva's step is on the shore!
The Pyrrhic dance is on the plain!

The Pyrrhic phalanx joins again! —
Behold! from every side they come;
The Suliote leaves his rocky home,
His black-eyed maiden far away;
And Parga's robber quits his prey.
See! like a torrent through the land,
Where sweeps Albania's martial band;
Bold spirits and athletic forms —
Destructive as their mountain-storms!

In peace they come! the field is won!
They come, to welcome sire and son!
See yonder the Corinthian maid,
Whose hands victorious garlands braid;
While youths and aged warriors throng,
To greet their monarch with a song
Of triumph, and the mingling cries
Of Otho, — Lewis, — rend the skies!
Two nations and two tongues combined;
Two thrones inseparably join'd.
The royal lyre prophetic spoke!
For Greece hath shaken off her yoke;

And Freedom's tree, as was of yore,
Grows native of her soil once more:
A fond and rapturous dream of youth,
Has ripen'd to substantial truth.
Oh! may the prospect brighten still!
The *father's* wish, may Heaven fulfil!
The arm of God, the son defend;
His glory and his days extend!

WRITTEN AT SEA.

'Tis sweet to travel thus the trackless way,
And pensive leaning o'er the vessel's prow,
While clouds above, are lowering bleak and grey,
To watch the waves in their eternal flow:
To see them from their snowy ringlets fling
The dark weed upward as the breezes wildly sing.

ON THE DEATH OF COUNT AUGUSTUS
PLATEN.

Though cradled in the bleak airs of the North,
his soul, in time,

With youthful ardour panted for, and sought a
Southern clime;

Far more congenial to a being vehement and
pure,

Where, like the produce of the soil, the genius
grows mature.

For he, by nature, was a child of melody and
song,

More fitted for the woodland shade, than city's
noisy throng.

O! sweet and many were the strains, he sent
his native land —

But silent is the harp, since death hath chill'd
the Minstrel's hand.

Mid strangers — distant — on a wild and breaker-
beaten shore

He breathed his spirit out, and even as it had
been of yore

His wish and prayer, in solitude, untended at
the last;

For deep, continual thought a shadow over him
had cast,

And social intercourse denied; save filial love
alone,

Affections long had ceased in him, or blended
in that one:

Thrice holy care! to tend a mother in declining
age,

To minister to every pleasure, every pang
assuage.

Methinks I see her watch his lonely grave in
Syracuse,

Beside her, robed in sable garb, there stands
the tragic Muse;

And through their tears they smile, exulting
that their Platen died

So crown'd with fame, at once his Parent's,
Country's, Monarch's pride.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

But when all is past it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead. —

BYRON.

Before the lark had stirr'd,
Or darkness left the sky,
The mustering drums were heard,
The neighing steeds reply.

As redly sank the sun
Beneath the western wave,
The work of strife was done, —
The labour of the brave!

A long, long Summer's day
Began and closed the fight;
Now cooling zephyrs play, —
It is a lovely night!

Both camps in silence sleep;
And all is hush'd around,
Save, when the breezes sweep
Their anthem o'er the ground.

Their feeble light, through dew,
Unnumber'd star-beams shed,
Upon the living few, —
Upon the thousands dead!

The thread of life is slim;
The tale of life soon told;
Ambition's eye soon dim;
The strongest arm soon cold.

It was but one short hour,
When valour on each helm,
Ye might have seen to tower,
And threaten to o'erwhelm!

Now strew'd o'er hill and glade,
In heaps together press'd;
Friends, foes around are laid —
In everlasting rest!

Oh! many a fond regret
Attends the soldier's death:
For him Love's cheek is wet;
For him, Fame twines her wreath.

With motion light and fleet,
A maiden's form I see;
She starts, to hear her feet
In night's serenity.

Look! from the moon as now
The clouds an instant roll,
Look — read upon her brow,
The anguish of the soul!

To heaven she sends a glance
Upbraiding, full of pain;
Then stands, as in a trance,
Though deepest works the brain.

To woman, poor the aim
Which manhood's bosom moves:
The paths which lead to Fame,
Are fear'd by her who loves.

With sweets when fill'd the cup,
How often are they wasted;
Or drunk too rashly up,
Ere scarce the lips have tasted!

Poor sufferer! what to thee
To morrow's banquet glare —
The Victor's jubilee? —
The dead, thy single care!

A youth, wound in his cloak,
His first campaign, and last!
Stretch'd out beneath an oak,
Chill as the midnight blast!

One hand the banner grasps,
Its staff alone remaining;
Love's gift the other clasps,
And seems in death still straining!

See her dejected bow
And kiss that lifeless clay, —
Herself, a statue now!
Anon, she starts away,

As if recalling hours
And days her childhood knew
In home's endearing bowers,
Where they together grew.

»Gone, gone! for ever gone!«
Her bosom deeply sigh'd,
»And I am even as one
»Whose latest hope hath died.

»My parents buried lie,
»The twain beneath one stone:
»The widow'd willing die —
»They cannot live alone!

»Alone I cannot dwell,
»Apart from all I love; —
»I soon shall bid farewell
»To earth, for heaven above!

»That happy region! where
»The soul can wander free;
»Will breathe a purer air, —
»Unalterable be!

»Where, round my warrior's head,
»Eternal sunshine rolls!
»Oh! for the narrow bed —
»To reunite our souls!«

CONSOLATION IN AFFLICTION.

While o'er the cold remains of one
Beloved I hung, in its distress
My mind was from distraction won.
A look, replete with tenderness,
A smile had settled on the clay;
'Twas faint, but legible to love!
To me said more than words could say :
Its errand peace, — and from above!

1 8 1 5.

Alone as I mused on the shores of the ocean,
And watch'd a tall vessel glide slowly along,
Like beautiful spirit, all grace in her motion!
A chorus of voices thus pour'd forth their song:

»Oh! we are the genii, whose realm is the water,
»And precious to-day is the burden we bear:
»A king from his kingdom! a hero from slaughter!
»A stern desolator — a tyrant's our care!

»We snatch'd him away in the eve of his glory,
»For terror had palsied the Vanquisher's arm:
»That scourge of his Maker, destructive and gory!
»His mission is finish'd — dissever'd the charm.

»An island we seek out, unfruitful and lonely;
 »Abandon'd by Earth, and surrounded by waves:
«A meet habitation for beings who only
 »Have blacken'd its surface, and sown it with
 graves.

» There, high on a rock, he may build like a vulture,
 » Mid seas, whose dominion he never could claim!
» May view in his visions the lands whose rich
 culture,
 » To pamper their idol, a desert became!

» Though harden'd by crimes, yet he cannot dissemble
 » The deep disappointment that feeds on his heart:
 » Though men could not love him, to witness them
 tremble
 » And crouch, was the joy of a fiend — and his part!

»His destiny's seal'd! the Oppressor shall never
 »Despoil many nations, to beautify one;
 »Yes, seal'd is his destiny, now and for ever —
 »The meteor hath vanish'd, they took for a sun!

»Ambition's weak fools! let his fate be your moral.

»Fame's garlands may bloom on a Patriot's brow,

»On that of a Tyrant soon withers the laurel—

»But Freedom can sanction the blood that must
flow!«

The song was now ended, the bark every billow,

Impell'd on her course, as a thing volatile:

Years, years fled apace, and I stood by a willow,

Which wept o'er a grave, in the heart of that
isle.

'Twas there, all in peace, they had laid the dark
Spirit!

Through life, unaccustom'd, unable to rest.

Too lovely a scene for that dust to inherit;

Too soft to inshrine such a turbulent breast!

V E S U V I U S.

Dense vapours, engender'd on sulphurous bed,
Incessantly boil up with murmuring sound,
Like gusts ere a tempest; — wherever we tread,
Lie glowing and many-hued ashes around.

These tell where the work of destruction hath been!
A circle is drawn as by sorcerer's wand;
For miles, not a herb nor an insect is seen:
It is, as a demon had breathed o'er the land,

And suddenly, verdure and life left the place!
A region of death! where the eye seeks in vain
Some object that moves, or but some human trace,
If *only* to know, that we live once again!

Through vineyards and evergreen pastures below,
The torrents of lava like dark shadows creep;
And yonder, the rays of the setting sun show
Two cities, whose dwellers these thousand years
sleep.

How call ye a third one, whom palaces deck,
Where vessels so haughtily ride in the bay?
'Tis Naples, — too busied with revels, to reck
Her sisters in dust, Herculaneum, Pompeii!

Yet, Naples! their fate may be thine; for like thee,
Their domes were the sojourn of joy, and the hour
They fell, was the hour of their bacchanal glee:
Secure, in the zenith of beauty and power.

D E A T H.

But ha! too soon that dream is past.

MOORE.

Where is the tyrant Death? — Where is he not? —

The first methinks is easy to expound.

The leafless tree, the withering flower,

Attest his presence and his power! —

Wherefore life should be thus in fetters bound,
Freed, but when past and present are forgot,

Remains a gloomy mystery! —

Enough, 'tis so, — nor question why!

Death moveth in the darkness of the cloud:

And art thou, Man! unconscious he is nigh? —

The lightnings are his glances; thou,

Dread thunder! art his voice; his brow

With shadow veils the sun. His passing by

All Nature feels: the forests bend, aloud

The waters meet, the winds grow hoarse,

The hills increase their torrent's force.

Death triumphs mid the cannons' sulphury shower,

Where nations mingle in inhuman strife;

He gathers there his light-won spoil —

A plenteous harvest, without toil:

For foes embraces are for death or life!

Alas! that lusty manhood in such hour

Should meet to perish — blood flow
round

To enrich their own, or foreign ground.

Death comes in summer nights, when neither air,
Nor dew, nor rain the thirst of Nature slakes;
For then, fierce pestilences light
On slumbering thousands, like a blight;
In agony the smitten sleeper wakes,
And relatives assemble in despair:

Yet, placid might have been his rest,
And fine-spun hopes have fill'd his breast!

In ocean's bed, Death hollows many a grave,
Making the mariner's bright schemes his sport.
Clear is the sky, though waves be dark,
Fair breezes bear along his bark,
Each moment nearer to the wish'd for port, —
And lo! she strikes, and sinks into the wave.

Ah! who'd have deem'd such wiles could
sleep
Beneath yon calm, pellucid deep?

S O N N E T.

Happy is the death of the youthful.

OSSIAN.

A few short years, our souls their heavenward way
Aspire, our bones are number'd with the dead.
As April's blossoms, prematurely shed,
Thou, lovely one, in youth art past away —
As promising and innocent as they!
On no imbittering fruits thy spirit fed;
Unsullied, to its Maker it hath fled.
Oh! had'st thou dwelt on earth, perhaps such day
Of lengthen'd life had portion'd thee despair,
Or poison'd truth and made thy heart to sigh.
Far other lot is thine! sorrow and care,
The world, its scoffs and ills thou dost defy:
A blessed being, breathing purer air,
In cloudless regions of Eternity!

GOOD AND EVIL SPIRITS.

When Winter with storms
Uproots and deforms
The beautiful scene,
Late sunny and green:
Oh then, in that hour,
The demons have power!

So also the mind,
When Prudence grows blind;
When Passion creeps in,
And instigates sin!
Oh then, in that hour,
The demons have power!

When Summer is bright,
Hath long days of light;
When every thing's green,
And skies are serene,
Without a dark stain;
The angels then reign.

So likewise the mind,
When calm and refined;
When passes each day
Reproachless away,
Without a dark stain;
The angels then reign.

THE LAKE OF NEMI.

Oh, had I wings to quit this grosser clay!
Yet not, not altogether from the scene
Now opening to my view, in bending woods,
And hills, and vales of still renewed youth;
Not altogether would I part with these!
I would but have my mind a purer thing,
Inhabiting those hills, this peaceful lake, —
Diana's mirror! So serene, of such
A hue, reflection seems another heaven!
Oh! that it were my lot to dwell but here;
Unchanged, unwearied by the course of Time;
In close communion with fair Nature's works;
Apart from life, a spirit, hovering round
The first impressions of my sinless days ;
Sweet forms ! that came unhop'd, unsought for ; were
Beheld — adored, — and in a moment miss'd,

Even as the polar meteor disappears;
Gone from the eye, but graven in the soul!
Who hath not felt the blood suffuse his cheek;
As he contemplated those forms of beauty?
Who hath not felt, the while, a wish to live
For ever in such presence, and to pour
His being into theirs, — to end with them?

HUMAN HEARTS.

Some hearts are hard as steel,
While sensitively others feel;
Like wax, impressions take,
And smitten, too, as quickly break!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

The ore of the mine,
In the crucible thrown,
Must burn ere it shine, —
Ere its value be known.

A friend, ere we love him,
Should sustain the like test;
Misfortune must prove him,
Ere we bare him our breast.

The maid of our choice
Must love on when we weep,
And when we rejoice,
If the heart she would keep,

A mine full of treasure,
Such a friend is to us:
Exhaustless in pleasure,
Is the girl we find thus.

THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

The silent and motionless rill,
 Too plainly tells,
 That Winter's spells
Unbroken, are lingering still!
 Though bleak the air,
 Yet here and there,
 At times is seen
 A something green:
Young buds, that would willingly blow,
And struggle to shake off the snow!
The forest, with branches strew'd o'er,
 Full well informs
 Where recent storms
Have pass'd, with their withering power!
 A peace profound
 Is reigning round;
 Yet doth that calm
 Forbode no harm!
Tis Nature, with just spreading wing,
Who lists for the footsteps of Spring!

THE COLISEUM.

As late, in the shadow of columns I lay,
Enclosed by the ruins of Rome's Coliseum,
The peace of the hour set my fancy in play, —
The past became truth, and the present a dream.

The moon at her full, looking through the blue
 heaven,
 (I never beheld her so gloriously bright!)
To earth such a magical lustre had given;
Entranced, the beholder forgot it was night.

The Autumn-wind sigh'd through the arches around,
 "Farewell to the Summer!" I heard in his song;
 "Farewell to Italia!" his last solemn sound:
 "Her best summer days have forsaken her long!"

The mournful truth went to my heart, and the tears
Fell fast down my cheeks, and I mourn'd, as
we mourn

The fall of one known in her innocent years,
Remembering the bloom that her aspect had
worn!

O Italy! frigid the eye that can gaze,
Can tearless contemplate thy loveliness blasted!
Thy glory, thy freedom departed! the lays
Of thy poets, the zeal of thy patriots, all wasted!

Could not Dante, Rienzi, rekindle one flame,
To shiver the fetters that link, and first link'd?
Alas! can we hope for redemption, where shame
And energy sleep, like volcanoes extinct!

THE SACRED HERD.

In careful vigilance, Lampetia and Phetusa hold
Their father's sheep, that feed and roam without
a fold,

Where Vulcan's forge *) emits its everlasting fire,
Which soon or late must prove a vast, funereal
pyre,

Though now it shower rich harvests o'er Sicilia's
land:

Too fatal dowry, taken from a demon's hand!

Apollo's flocks feed night and day; their natural
life

Is dwindling, undiminish'd by the murderous knife.

With awful sanctity, their heaven-born Shepherd
saw

Them pasture fearlessly, for mercy was his law;

*) Mount Actna, by the ancients supposed to be Vulcan's
forge, where the Cyclops fabricated the thunder-bolts.

And innocence, in him, had found at length a
friend,

Against mankind, its worst invader, to defend.

Oh, moment blest! a thousand barbarous years
redeeming!

As one green spot, amid a barren desert gleaming!

The golden era, erst enjoy'd in Eden's bowers,

Where all that lived was harmless, deathless as
its flowers!

And thoughts were gentle, and the feeble walk'd
secure;

For love was all in all, and every thing was pure!—

A prey to famine, long upon the billows tost,

Ulysses' vessel came to fair *Sicilia's* coast.

Her crew, despair had harden'd, hunger's fierce
desire

Made heedless of the future, — of their chief-
tain's ire:

Their wolfish eyes behold rich flocks upon the
plain;

Alike entreaties and commands, are urg'd in vain,

To stay their sacrilegious crime, ere yet too late: —

He knew their disobedience was their certain fate!

They mock his counsel, and defile with blood the
ground;

And fires are kindled, and bright faces gather
round:

When, lo! the mangled skins take life, and walk
about,

And every reeking morsel, for revenge, cries out!

With hunger and despair, their partners, on the
wave

They roll again, and find a welcome, watery grave!

A CONTEMPLATED VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

Will change of scene forgetfulness bestow?

Heal wounded hearts, their broken peace restore?

No matter, — it must alter thought, to plough

The vast Atlantic, and its lands explore;

Those lands, Columbus first beheld emerge

From watery wastes: his bosom felt the glow

Of hope and elevated zeal! griefs urge

Me onward, till I reck not where I go!

THOUGHTS ON THE PAST YEAR.

I live to see another year

Link'd to the thousands gone before;
And backward look, with many a tear,
For many a friend beheld no more.

I mark the joys of youth each hour

Departing — some reality!
Though wither 'on its stem the flower,
Another blooms, — but not for me!

My soul! arraign not Nature's law;

The fruits of knowledge cull and hive:
Seek Virtue's well; its waters draw
And drink, and live, — for ever live!

PART II.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GERMAN.

Salmonella

ATCC 14028

DEMETRIUS,

AN

UNFINISHED TRAGEDY

BY

F. SCHILLER.

ACT I.

THE DIET AT CRACOW.

As the curtain rises, the assembly of the Polish state is seen sitting in the great senate-hall. On an ESTRADE, elevated three steps, and overlaid with crimson cloth, stands the throne, covered with a canopy; on each side hang the arms of Poland and Lithuania.

The king is seated on the throne; on his right hand and on his left stand the ten Officers of the Crown. Below the ESTRADE, on both sides of the theatre, sit the bishops, palatines, and castellans. Opposite these, stand the provincial deputies in two rows, armed, and with uncovered heads. The archbishop of Gnesne, as primate of the kingdom, sits nearest the PROSCENIUM; immediately behind him is his chaplain, holding a golden cross.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

*The storm-distracted diet hath at length
Been brought unto a fortunate conclusion;
The king and deputies seem well disposed.*

The nobles are content to take up arms,
And free them from the contumacious Rocotz *),
Meanwhile, the king has pledged his sacred word,
To grant redress to every just complaint.

— — — — —
Now therefore, that domestic quiet reigns,
We may direct our eyes to foreign parts.

— — — — —
Is it the will of the illustrious senate,
That prince Demetrius, who, to Russia's throne
Lays claim, as Ivan's lineal son, appear
Before this *Seym Walny* **) to evince his rights.

CASTELLAN OF CRACOW.

Honour and equity demand as much;
'Twere unbecoming to refuse his wish.

BISHOP OF WERMELAND.

The documents, whereon he grounds his claims,
Have been examined, and are found correct.
He *may* be heard.

*) Insurrection of the nobility.

**) Diet.

SEVERAL DEPUTIES.

He *must* be heard.

LEO SAPIEHA.

To hear,

Is to acknowledge him.

ODOWALSKY.

And not to hear him,

Would be unprecedented injury.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

Are we of one accord, that he be heard?

A second, — and a third time do I ask.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

He may appear before our throne!

SENATORS.

May speak!

DEPUTIES.

Hear him we will.

(The High Marshal of the Crown gives a sign with his staff to the door-keeper, who goes to open the door.)

LEO SAPIEHA.

Note down, lord chancellor!
That I object to such proceeding, and
Its consequences, as against the peace
Of Poland with the crown of Muscovy.

(DEMETRIUS enters, advances some paces towards the throne, and with covered head makes three obeisances, one to the king, another to the senators, and a third to the deputies; they severally return the like ceremony. He afterwards places himself so as to face the major part of the meeting and the public, avoiding however to turn his back to the throne; from which it will be inferred, that the public sit in the diet.)

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

— Prince Demetrius, son of Ivan! Should
The splendour of the royal states alarm,
Or presence of the king restrain thy tongue,
It is the senate's pleasure, that thou choose
Some pleader, and employ a stranger's lips,
If it seem good to thee.

DEMETRIUS.

I come, archbishop,
To claim an empire and a royal sceptre.
But ill it would become me, should I quake
Before a noble people, king, and senate.
I never gazed on such an awful circle;
The sight with courage nerves, not terrifies
My heart. The worthier are my witnesses,
The better I am pleased! — Can I address
A more illustrious meeting?

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

— — — — — The republic
Is well inclined, — — — — —

DEMETRIUS.

Most mighty monarch! Worthy, potent bishops
And palatines! Ye honourable men,
The deputies of this great commonwealth!
With deep, considerate astonishment,
Do I behold myself, Czar Ivan's son,
Before this diet and among the Poles.
A sanguinary hate divides both realms,

And peace can never dawn, where hate exists.
But heaven hath so ordain'd, that I, his blood,
Who with my nurse's milk imbibed the hate
Hereditary, now, a suppliant,
Appear before you, and must seek my rights
In Poland's centre. Therefore, ere I speak,
Forget magnanimously what is past,
And that the Czar, whose son I deem myself,
Did once wage war within your boundaries.
I stand before you as an injured prince;
I seek protection; the oppress'd possess
A sacred claim on every noble breast.
Who shall be equitable on the earth,
If not a mighty and courageous nation?
Which free in the full sense of perfect power,
Needs but to render reckoning to itself,
And unrestrain'd — — — —
Which can obey sublime humanity.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

You call yourself Czar Ivan's son.
And, truly, neither your demeanour nor

Your language contradict such lofty claims.
Convince us, you are such, you then indeed
May reckon on the magnanimity
Of the republic. — Never in the field
We fear'd the Russian; both we love alike,
To be a noble foe, and gracious friend.

DEMETRIUS.

Ivan Vasilowitsch, the potent Czar
Of Muscovy, in his protracted reign
Espoused five several princesses. The first,
Of Romanoff's heroic race, gave birth
To Feodor, who govern'd after him.
One son, the last fruits of his strength, Demetrius,
Was born of Marfa, of the line of Nagori,
A tender infant when his father died.
Czar Feodor, a youth of feeble frame,
And feebler mind, permitted Boris Godunoff,
The Master of the horse, to reign; and he,
With all a courtier's cunning, govern'd him.
This Feodor was childless, and no heir
Was promised from the Czaress' barren womb.

The wily Boyar, who, the people's hearts
By flatt'ry surreptitiously had gain'd,
Now raised his expectations to the throne;
A younger prince still stood 'twixt him and his
Ambitious hopes, the prince Demetrius
Ivanowitsch, then growing up to manhood,
Beneath his parent's watchful eye at Uglitsch,
The widow's chosen place of residence.

As soon as his most horrible design
Was ripe for execution, hired assassins
Were thither sent, to slay the Czarowitsch.
The self same night, that portion of the castle
In which the youthful prince with his attendant
Then separately dwelt, was wrapt in flames;
The castle fell a prey unto their fury,
The young prince disappear'd from every eye,
And all the world lamented him as dead.
But facts I mention, which all Moscow knows.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

What you have said, is fully known to us.
The rumour hath resounded through all lands,

That prince Demetrius on that night encounter'd
His death at Uglitsch in the conflagration.
And since th'event turn'd out so fortunate
For him who reigns as Czar, none ever thought
Of laying to his charge this heavy murder.
But now the question touches not his death!
Nay, living is the prince! in you he lives,
As you declare. Afford us proofs thereof.
Say, wherefore you believe that you are *he*?
Or, by what signs we may distinguish you?
Say, how you managed to evade pursuit,
And after sixteen years of silence, when
No more expected, stand before the world?

DEMETRIUS.

The sun hath scarcely made his annual course,
Since first I ceased to be a stranger to myself,
Or aught anticipated my high birth.
I was a monk 'mid monks, surrounded by
The cloister's close restraint, when I began
To waken to a knowledge of myself.
The narrow manners of the priest, my soul

Withstood; with secret force, through every vein,
The current of my knightly blood revolted.
Resolved, I flung away the monkish garb,
And fled towards Poland, where the noble prince
Of Sendomir, the faithful friend of man,
Received me hospitably in his halls,
And had me taught the glorious arts of war.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

— — — — What! Yourself you knew not then,
And yet report already fill'd the world,
That prince Demetrius lived? — — —
Czar Boris trembled on his throne, and spies
Were spread, to take keen note of travellers.
The circumstance was not made known by you?
Even then you gave not out yourself as prince
Demetrius?

DEMETRIUS.

All I know, I will recount.
Reports of my existence circulated,
As if a god had diligently spread them.
A stranger to myself, — lost in the house

Of Palatinus 'mongst his numerous train,
I pass'd the glad, mysterious days of youth:
— — — — In silent homage,
His fair and graceful daughter, I adored;
Yet far removed was each presumptuous thought,
To such high fortune to exalt my wishes.
The Castellan of Lembergh, then her wooer,
Sneer'd at my passion. Haughtily he call'd
Me to account, and once, in blindfold rage
Forgot himself, and smote me with his hand.
Thus painfully aggrieved, I drew my sword,
He, thoughtless, furious, fell upon the blade,
And perish'd by my undesigning hand.

MEISCHEK.

Yes, 'twas even so — — — —

DEMETRIUS.

How great and grievous my misfortune! Nameless,
A Russian and a stranger, I had slain
A noble of the land, beneath the roof
Of my protector had committed murder;
I had destroy'd his son-in-law, his friend.

My innocence could avail me naught, nor
The pity of the court-attendants, nor
The favour of the noble Palatinus;
For the same law, so lenient to the Pole,
But merciless towards foreigners, condemn'd me.
My sentence was pronounced, — I was to die;
I knelt already on the fatal block,
And bared my neck unto the headsman's sword. —
— In the same moment was exposed to view
The golden cross, adorn'd with precious stones,
Even at my baptism hung around my neck.
As is an ancient custom of my country,
That holy pledge of Man's Redemption I
Had always worn conceal'd, and even then,
About to separate from pleasant Life,
I seized it, as my final consolation,
And press'd it to my lips in silent prayer.

(the Poles show by mute gestures their sympathy.)

The jewel was observed; its worth and lustre
Awoke surprize and curiosity.
I was unbound, and question'd of the same,

But could not recollect a time at which
I had not worn that cross about my neck.
It chanced, three Boyar children, who escaped
The persecution of their Czar, at Sambor
Had visited my lord, these saw the jewel,
And knew it by nine emeralds mix'd with amethysts,
To be no other than the relick hung'
About my neck at the baptismal font.
They then examined me more near, and saw
With wonder one of Nature's freaks, that I
Was born with left arm shorter than the right.
As now they terrified me with demands,
I call'd to mind a little book of psalms
That I had carried with me in my flight.
Therein, Greek characters were visible,
Of Igumen *), and written by his hand.
Myself, I never should have read those words;
The language being wholly strange to me.
The book was now produced, the writing read;
And thus it ran: that brother Vasili Philaret,

*) Abbot of the cloister.

(My name as monk,) possessor of the book,
Was prince Demetrius, Ivan's youngest son,
Whom Andrew, a right trustworthy Diac,
In secret bore off on the murderous night;
That documents thereof remained preserved
Within two cloisters, which were both described.
All the Boyars fell prostrate at my feet,
O'ercome by such resistless evidence,
And hail'd me as their monarch's rightful son.
Thus, suddenly did Fate transport me from
Misfortune's gulf, — to Fortune's pinnacle!

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

— — — — —

DEMETRIUS.

I felt as though a film were taken from
Mine eyes! and suddenly remembrance woke —
Even in the furthest back-ground of past years;
And, as the loftiest turrets on the far
Horizon glitter with the golden sun,
Two forms became apparent to my mind,
The utmost sunbright tops of recollection.
Through darkness I beheld myself in flight,

And saw a lambent flame ascending through
The night's black shadows, as I backward gazed.
This must have been a primal recollection;
Since what preceded, and what follow'd it,
Was all extinguish'd in remotest time;
But, separated, lonely lighting, stood
That fearful phantom in remembrance there;
Yet well I can recall, in riper years,
How my companion once, in angry mood,
Styled me Czar Ivan's son. Derision then
I deem'd it, and with blows repaid the wrong.
This, like a flash of lightning on my brain
Now fell, with clearest certainty I felt
I was th'imagined dead, Czar Ivan's son.
The riddle of my dark, mysterious being,
That word at once unravell'd. Not mere signs,
Which ofttimes prove fallacious; deep within
My breast, the beating of my heart it was,
That first reveal'd to me my royal blood:
And I will rather shed it drop by drop,
Than abnegate my claims, and to the throne.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

Should we rely upon a document,
Which by mere accident you might possess; —
Accredit the assertions of a fugitive?
Oh! pardon, noble youth! Your language and
Your bearing are not such as falsehood wears;
And yet, even you *yourself* might be deceived:
The human heart may well be pardon'd, if
It cheat itself in such a mighty game.
What do you give, as sureties of your word?

DEMETRIUS.

My sureties are the fifty oaths I bring,
Piasts, and each of them a free-born Pole
Of blameless reputation, and they all
Shall here substantiate what I now assert.
There sits the noble prince of Sendomir,
The castellan of Lublin at his side;
Let these declare if what I speak be true.

— — — — —

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE.

What thinks th'illustrious senate of the proofs?
Even captious doubt must own itself o'ercome

Before such clear, concurring evidence.

For long, report hath wander'd through the world,
That prince Demetrius, Ivan's son, still lived;
And this the terror of the Czar confirms.

— Before you is a youth, in age, in form,
In every way resembling him we seek,
Even to an accidental freak of Nature, —
And of a soul, well worthy of such rank.
Mysteriously, from cloister-walls he came,
And though the pupil of a monk, endow'd
With all the virtues of a trueborn knight;
A jewel, worn but by the Czarowitsch,
He shows, — and this he never parted from!
Besides a writing, traced by pious hand,
Attests his princely birth, and stronger yet,
His placid speech and open countenance
Bespeak the truth. Guile harbours not beneath
such features!

'Tis ever mask'd in bartering pompous words,
Dress'd up in language of smooth oratory.
I will no more withhold his lawful name,
Which he with reason and with justice claims,

And using now my ancient privilege
As Primate, first, I render him my vote.

ARCHBISHOP OF LEMBERGH.

I with the Primate give my vote.

SEVERAL BISHOPS.

And I!

MANY PALATINES.

I too!

ODOWALSKY.

And I!

DEPUTIES (*in quick succession.*)

We all!

SAPIEHA.

My gracious lords!

Consider well! We must not be too sudden!

A prudent senate will not let itself

Be hurried on too rashly to — — — —

ODOWALSKY.

There needs

No more considering; all is well consider'd.

So many proofs are irrefutable.
This is not Moscow; no despotic fear
Imprisons the free spirit. Here, the truth
May walk abroad with elevated brow.
I never can believe, my noble lords,
That Russia's Czar hath mercenary slaves
At Cracow, in the diet of the Poles.

DEMETRIUS.

Illustrious senators! accept my thanks!
Truth hath not pleaded fruitlessly to you:
If then, in your eyes, I am truly what
I call myself, oh! tamely suffer not
A base usurper to retain my just
Inheritance, — an upstart to profane
The sceptre which belongs to me, as Czarowitsch.

— — — — —

On my side is the right, on yours the power.
It is the business and the care of states
And thrones to see that justice be dealt out
To all mankind, that all possess their own;
Wherever Justice governs, each enjoys

His heritage, like a cherubic guard,
Such compact hovers o'er each house, each throne.

— — — — —

Justice is
The skilful fabric of the universe,
Where each supporteth all, all each, and where
If one but fall, the whole in ruin lies.

— — — — —

(answers of the senators, who accord with Demetrius.)

Oh! look on me, illustrious Sigismund!
Great sovereign! search thy bosom, and behold
Thy destiny in mine! Thou, too, hast felt
The buffetings of fortune; in a dungeon
Thou cam'st into the world; thine infant gaze
Encounter'd first a prison's walls. Thou then
Did'st want a liberator and preserver,
To raise thee from a dungeon to a throne, —
And one was sent thee. Generosity
Hast thou experienced; practise it towards me!

— — — — —

And ye, exalted members of the senate,

Right reverend bishops, pillars of the church,
Illustrious Palatines and Castellans,
Now is the moment, by a virtuous deed,
To reconcile two long divided nations.
Procure yourselves the honour, that the strength
Of Poland gave the Muscovites their Czar, —
And in a neighbour who against you wars,
Acquire a thankful, and a powerful friend.

And ye,
The deputies of this great commonwealth,
Up! saddle straight your gallant steeds, — and
mount! —

The golden gates of Fortune ope to you;
The plunder of my foe, with you I will
Partake. Moscow is rich in merchandize;
The treasure of the Czar, in precious stones
And gold's incalculable; royally
I can reward my friends, and will do so.
When I, as Russia's Czar, ascend the Kremlin,
Then do I swear, the poorest among you
Who follow me shall be array'd in silk
And sable, and his horse's trappings set

With costly pearls, and virgin silver be
The meanest metal on his horse's hoofs.

*(considerable excitement is observable among the
deputies.)*

CORELA (Cossack-hetman)

(declares himself ready to supply him with troops.)

ODOWALSKY.

What! shall the Cossack
Deprive us both of booty and renown?

— — — — —

With Turkey and the Tartar-prince we are at peace,
Have naught to apprehend from Sweden's side.
Our courage hath too long consumed itself
In slothful peace; our sabres idly rust.
Let us invade the country of the Czar,
And win a grateful and a strong ally,
Increasing Poland's power, and Poland's realm.

MANY SENATORS.

War! war with Muscovy!

OTHERS.

Let us decide!

Collect the votes!

SAPIEHA (*rising*).

High-marshal of the crown,
Command a silence! I desire to speak.

A NUMBER OF VOICES.

War! war with Muscovy!

SAPIEHA.

I would be heard,

Marshal! perform your duty!

(much tumult in and without the chamber.)

HIGH-MARSHAL OF THE CROWN.

You perceive,

'Tis useless.

SAPIEHA.

What? The marshal also bribed?

Is freedom then departed from the diet?

Throw down your staff, and order silence! I

Require it, I demand it and will have it.

(The high-marshal throws his staff in the middle of the chamber; the tumult abates.)

What would you have? Are we not now at peace
With Russia? I, as your ambassador,
Have covenanted peace for twenty years;
My right hand have I lifted up and sworn
A sacred oath upon the Kremlin's height, —
And honourably hath the Czar held word:
Oh! what is faith or stipulation, when
A solemn diet dares to violate them?

DEMETRIUS.

Prince Leo Sapieha! With Russia's Czar
You say you have establish'd peace?
You have *not* so; for I am Russia's Czar.
In me the majesty of Moscow rests;
I am the son of Ivan, his inheritor.
If Poland would make peace with Muscovy,
With me it must be made; your covenant,
Concluded with the null, annuls itself.

ODOWALSKY.

What care we for your treaty! We would so
At *that* time, and to-day will otherwise.

SAPIEHA.

Is it arrived at this? Though none stand forth
For justice, yet will I alone stand forth;
Will tear asunder the deceitful web,
And will discover every thing I know.
— Right reverend Primate! What! art thou in truth
So generous, or dost thou but dissemble?
Grave senators! are ye so credulous?
Thou king, so weak? you know not, will not know
You are the playthings of the cunning vaivode
Of Sendomir, who hath set up this Czar,
And boundlessly ambitious, in his brain
Already swallows up the wealth of Moscow?
Must I instruct you, that a league is form'd,
And sworn to solemnly on either side;
And that the prince will wed his youngest daughter?
And should this great republic blindly plunge
Itself in all the dangers of a war,
To aggrandize the vaivode, and to make
His daughter a Czarina and a queen?
All hath he bribed and bought. Full well I know,
He seeks to lord it o'er this senate-house;

I mark his faction's influence in the chamber;
'Tis not sufficient that he lead the *Seym-Walny*
By a majority of votes, but now,
Three thousand horse surround the diet, and
His vassals overflow the streets of Cracow.
They, at this moment, fill the outer halls.
One would restrain the freedom of our votes.
But no alarm doth stir my fearless heart;
While the warm blood still flows within my veins,
Unterrified, I will declare my mind.
Those who are well disposed, unite with me:
As long as I have life, no act shall pass,
That is opposed to reason and to right.
I have establish'd peace with Muscovy,
Am man enough to see it duly kept.

ODOWALSKY.

O listen not to him! Collect the votes!

(*The bishops of Cracow and Wilna rise, and go to their respective parts of the meeting to collect the votes.*)

MANY VOICES.

War! war with Russia!

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE (*to Sapieha.*)

Yield yourself! You see
That Number is against you. Spur not on
The diet to calamitous division!

HIGH-MARSHAL OF THE CROWN

(*descends from the throne, to Sapieha.*)

The king implores you to relent, lord vaivode,
And not to cause dissention in the diet.

DOORKEEPER (*privately to Odowalsky.*)

Proceed courageously, for those without
Are loud for you. All Cracow is for you.

HIGH-MARSHAL OF THE CROWN (*to Sapieha.*)

So good the resolutions that have pass'd;
Oh! lend yourself. — Join the majority, —
If only for the benefit of others!

BISHOP OF CRACOW

(*having collected the votes on his side.*)

All on the right side are unanimous.

SAPIEHA.

Let them be so. — I will oppose them still.
Veto I say; the diet is dissolved.

You shall proceed no further! Null and void
Is all that was resolved!

(general confusion, the king descends from the throne, the barriers are broken in; there is a tumultuous noise. The deputies draw their swords, and press right and left on Sapieha. The bishops step between the two parties, and protect him with their stoles.)

Majority!

What is majority? majority
Is folly; wisdom's ever with the few.
Shall those who are possess'd of nothing, mix
And busy still themselves with every thing?
Say, hath the beggar liberty or choice?
His suffrage he must sell, his very bread
To gain, unto the man in power who pays him.
Votes should be weigh'd, not counted; soon or late,
That government will go to ruin, where
But Number rules, and Ignorance decides.

ODOWALSKY.

But hear the traitor! —

DEPUTIES.

Down, down with him! Tear him to atoms.

ARCHBISHOP OF GNESNE

*(snatches the cross from the hand of his chaplain,
and rushes between the parties.)*

Peace!

What! in the very senate-house shall blood, —
The blood of citizens be seen to flow?
Lord vaivode! be more temperate!

(to the bishops.)

Away,
Away with him! Oh! make your breasts his shield.
Through yonder side-door bear him privately,
And save him from the fury of the people!

(Sapieha, still menacing with his looks, is removed by force, while the archbishops of Gnesne and Lembergh keep off the enraged deputies. Amidst considerable uproar and the clashing of swords the chamber is cleared, so that only Demetrius, Meischek, Odowalsky and the Cossack-Hetman remain.)

ODOWALSKY.

That blow has fail'd — — —

Yet ne'ertheless you shall receive our aid;

Ay, though the state keep peace with Russia,
We will achieve it.

CORELA.

Who'd have thought, that he
Alone would bid defiance to the diet!

MEISCHEK.

The king draws near.

KING SIGISMUND, ATTENDED BY THE LORD
CHANCELLOR, HIGH-MARSHAL OF THE CROWN
AND BISHOPS.

KING.

My prince, let me embrace you!
The commonwealth at length is just to you;
My heart has long been so. Your destiny
Affects me sensibly. And well it must
Affect the heart of every monarch.

DEMETRIUS.

All

Have I forgotten, all that I endured;
Upon your breast I feel as newly born.

KING.

I love not superfluity of words;
Yet what a sovereign may, who governs vassals
Far wealthier than himself, I offer you.
You have beheld an angry spectacle.
Of Poland think not worse, because wild storms
Now agitate the Vessel of the State.

MEISCHEK.

Amid the tempest's roar, with dexterous hand,
The steersman guides the helm, and makes for port.

KING.

The diet is dissolved. Nay, if I would,
I dare not violate the peace with Russia.
But you have able and sufficient friends.
At his own risk, the Pole can arm for you;
Or, would the Cossack tempt war's game of hazard,
He still is free, I will not hinder him.

MEISCHEK.

The Rocotz yet are under arms. If it
Seem good unto my liege, the furious torrent

Which lately rose against your Majesty,
May now exhaust itself on Russia's Czar.

KING.

The fittest weapons Russia can bestow;
Thy best protectors are thy subjects' hearts.
Russia can only be subdued by Russia.
Even as to-day you spoke before the diet,
So speak in Moscow to its citizens;
But win their hearts, and you will master all.
In Sweden, as a lawful sovereign, once
I mounted my hereditary throne,
Yet forfeited the kingdom of my fathers,
Because my people were opposed to me.

MARINA (*enters*).

— — — — —

MEISCHEK.

Most mighty monarch, at thy feet Marina,
My youngest daughter, casts herself; the prince
Of Muscovy hath tender'd her his heart; —
Thou art our house's lofty avowee;

But from thy royal hand 'tis meet that she
Receive a spouse.

(Marina kneels before the king.)

KING.

Well, cousin! since it is
Your wish, I will perform a father's part.

(to Demetrius, as he presents Marina's hand.)

In this sweet pledge I bring thee Fortune's
goddess. —

And may I live to see you on the throne
Of Muscovy, — a well adapted pair!

MARINA.

Sire! humbly I respect thy favour, and
Remain thy slave.

KING.

Arise, Czarina! Such is

No place for thee, the Czar's affianced bride, —
Nor for the daughter of my noblest vaivode.

Thou art the youngest of thy sisters; yet
Thy spirit hath outflown thy sisters' lot,
Aspiring proudly to the loftiest mark.

DEMETRIUS.

Be witness, potent monarch, of my oath;
As prince, I lay it in thy princely keeping!
I do accept this noble lady's hand,
As Fortune's valuable pledge. I swear,
As soon as I ascend my fathers' throne,
In pomp to lead her homeward as my bride,
And as may best besit a mighty queen.
As dowery, I will give to my betroth'd
The principalities of Plescow and Great-Neugart,
And every town and village with their dwellers,
All marriage-privileges and dominion,
To be in free possession of for ever;
And this donation, in my capital,
At Moscow will I ratify as Czar.
Unto the generous vaivode I will pay,
As compensation for his troop's equipment,
A million Polish ducats. — — —

— — — — —
So help me God and every holy saint,
As I shall truly swear, and keep this oath!

KING.

You will; you never can forget how much
You are indebted to the generous vaivode,
Who stakes a certain fortune at your wish,
A child, he dearly loves, upon your hopes.
So scarce a friend should be preserved with care!
Therefore, when fortune kindly smiles on you,
Forget not by what steps you climb'd the throne,
And with your garment alter not your heart!
Remember, you discover'd your high birth
In Poland, — there, were born a second time.

DEMETRIUS.

In lowliness of station I grew up;
I've learnt to venerate the bond which links
With mutual inclination man to man.

KING.

You are about to enter territories,
Where other manners, other customs reign.
In Poland, boundless liberty prevails;
The king, albeit in outward show the first,
Must ofttimes be the servant of his nobles;

Thy *father's* sacred power in Russia rules;
The slave enduring and obsequious serves.

— — — — —

DEMETRIUS.

The glorious freedom, which I here have found,
I will transplant within my native land;
The bondman shall be made a happy man —
I would not lord it over slavish souls!

KING.

Be not too hasty; learn to follow Time!
Hear, prince, before we part, three lessons more, —
And practise such, when you have won your realm!
An aged, an experienced king bestows
Them, and your virtue can make use of them.

DEMETRIUS.

Instruct me in thy wisdom, mighty monarch!
Thou'rt honour'd by a nation that is free —
Say, by what means I may attain the like?

KING.

— — — — You come from foreign parts,
And foreign, hostile arms assist you home;

This first injustice you have to repair.
Therefore, appear as Muscovy's true son,
By honouring the customs of the land.
Respect the Pole, and keep your word with him;
You need the stranger on your new-won throne;
The arm, that help'd you there, can hurl you down.
Regard him well, yet imitate him not.
No foreign habits prosper in a country

— — — — —

But whatsoe'er you do, — still love your mother,
For you will find a mother —

DEMETRIUS.

Oh, my sovereign!

KING.

You have good reason, filially to love her.
Esteem her, — for, between you and your people,
She is a holy and a tender tie. —
The Czar's dominion's free from human laws;
There, naught is terrible, save only nature;
For your humanity, your subjects have
No better surety, than your filial love. —

I now will say no more. Much yet must be
Accomplish'd, ere you win the Golden Fleece.
Expect no easy conquest! — — —
Czar Boris sways with credit and with power;
No dastard is the man with whom you cope.
The breath of mere opinion will not soon,
Precipitate one who acquired a throne
By merit, deeds in him supply the room
Of ancestors. — I give you o'er to Fortune.
Twice, as by miracle, she saved your life;
And she will finish her great work, and crown you.

MARINA. ODOWALSKY.

ODOWALSKY.

Now, noble lady, that I have fulfill'd
My charge, thou wilt commend my zeal?

MARINA.

'Tis well

We are alone, we have important things

To speak of, which Demetrius must not know.
He may pursue the mind that spurs him on!
The world believes him, since he doth believe
himself.

Let *him* continue in obscurity,
It is the parent of all worthy deeds. —
All must be *clear* to our eyes, — we must act.
He furnishes enthusiasm and a name!
Deliberation must be ours, — and when
We have secured success, he still will deem
His fortune work'd out by celestial hand.

ODOWALSKY.

Command me, lady! I but live to serve thee.
What care I for this Muscovite's affairs?
'Tis thou, — thy greatness and thy excellence,
For which I gladly venture blood and life.
No fortune smiles on me; dependant, poor,
I dare not raise my wishes unto thee, —
Yet will endeavour to deserve thy favour.
To make thee great, shall be my single care.

Another may possess thy hand at last;
Mine thou art still, if thou art but my work.

MARINA.

And therefore I unbosom to thine ear
My sentiments; to thee intrust my actions;
False-minded is the king. I see through him. —
All was a settled plan with Sapieha.
In truth, it is convenient to the king,
My father's strength and influence, which he dreads,
Should be enfeebled by this enterprize;
That the confederation of the nobles,
So terrible to him, in this same rout
Of foreign heroes should discharge itself —
And he the while rest neutral in the strife.
He thinks to share with us the good it brings.
If we are vanquish'd, he in Poland hopes
More readily to lay on us his yoke.
We stand alone. The die's already cast.
He for himself provides, — and so must we.

— — — — —

Towards Kiow lead the troops! There must they
swear

Fidelity unto the Prince and me, —

Me, dost thou hear? — for such precaution's fit.

— — — — —

ODOWALSKY.

— — — — —

MARINA.

I would not only have thine arm, — but eye.

ODOWALSKY.

Command me, speak, — — — —

MARINA.

Thou'rt near the Czarowitsch.

Observe him closely! Never quit his side,

And render me account of every step.

ODOWALSKY.

Trust me, he shall not be in want of us.

MARINA.

No man is thankful. When he feels that he

Is Czar, he straight will fling away our chains.

— — — — —

The Russian hates the Pole; he must do so:
No cordial ties between them can subsist.

— — — — —

MARINA. ODOWALSKY. OPALINSKY.
BILSKY, AND OTHER POLISH NOBLEMEN.

OPALINSKY.

Procure but thou the money, patroness,
And we are thine. The tedious diet hath
Consumed us; we will make thee Russia's queen.

MARINA.

The bishop of Kalminik and of Culm
Advances coin on mortgages of land
And vassals. Sell and pawn your farm-houses,
And lay the money out in horse and armour!
War is the best of merchants, changing steel
To gold. — Whatever loss you now sustain,
In Moscow shall be tenfold reimbursed.

BILSKY.

Two hundred more sit in the drinking-room;
If thou but show thyself and quaff one cup
With them, they all are thine, — I know the men.

MARINA.

Expect me shortly! you shalt lead me there.

OPALINSKY.

— — — — —

In truth, thou'rt born to be a queen.

MARINA.

Just so.

And therefore *must*. —

BILSKY.

Ay, mount the snow-white ambler;
Arm thee, and like a second Vanda, lead
Thy fearless troops to certain victory.

MARINA.

My spirit lead you. War is not for women,
At Kiow is the rendezvous. My father
Will hasten thither with three thousand horse.

My brother gives two thousand. From the Don,
A host of Cossacks is awaited daily.

Swear you fidelity to me?

ALL.

We swear!

(drawing their swords.)

SOME.

OTHERS.

Vivat Marina!

Russiae regina!

*(Marina tears her veil, and shares it among the
nobles. Exeunt all, except Marina.)*

MEISCHEK. MARINA.

MARINA.

My father, why so grave, when fortune smiles
On us, each step outstrips our fondest hopes,
And every arm espouses our good cause?

MEISCHEK.

'Tis *that*, my daughter! All, — all is at stake.
In this equipment lies thy father's strength.

Good reason hath he, gravely to reflect;
Untrue is fortune, dubious the result.

— — — — —

MARINA.

— — — — —

MEISCHEK.

Too dangerous girl, to what am I reduced!
How feeble-minded, not to have withstood
Thy importunities. In Poland's realm,
I am the richest vaivode; save the king,
None ranks above me — should we not have been
With *such* contented, — have enjoy'd our state?
Thou soar'dst with higher scope — the moderate
Condition of thy sisters satisfied
Not thy ambitious thoughts. Thou would'st attain
The greatest human prize, and wear a crown.
I, an indulgent father, on my child
Too willingly would heap the highest honours;
I let myself be fool'd by thy entreaties,
And for a chance, adventure what is sure!

MARINA.

What! dearest father, dost repent thy goodness?
Who can be satisfied with meaner things,
When overhead the loftiest object hangs?

MEISCHEK.

Albeit thy sisters wear no diadem, —
They still are happy — — —

— — — — —

MARINA.

Where's the felicity, when I remove
But from my father's to my consort's home,
With Palatinus? Gain I by the change?
With joy can I look forward to the morrow,
If it but bring me what to-day hath brought?
Oh! tasteless revolution of the old!
Most irksome sameness of existence! Pays it
The trouble of our hopes and aspirations?
Or love or rank, it must be one of these;
All other passions are but low acquirements.

MEISCHEK.

— — — — —

MARINA.

Clear up thy countenance, my dearest father!
Oh! let us trust the stream, that bears us on!
Consider not the sacrifice you bring, —
Think on the guerdon, the arrived-at goal —
When you behold Marina sit in pomp,
As Czaress on the throne of Muscovy,
When your descendants shall control the world!

MEISCHEK.

I think of nothing, — nothing I behold
But thee, my child, majestically crown'd.
'Tis thy demand; I can deny thee naught.

MARINA.

My dear, indulgent father, grant me one
Entreaty more!

MEISCHEK.

And what is it, my child?

MARINA.

Must I remain at Sambor closeted,
With such unruly longing in my bosom?
Upon the Nieper's further banks my lot

Will be decided — 'twixt is boundless space. —
Can I endure it? The impatient soul
Will lie upon the rack of expectation,
While my poor, throbbing heart will measure out
With apprehension this enormous space.

MEISCHEK.

What wouldst thou? What is thy desire?

MARINA.

Let me

In Kiow wait for the result! I there
Shall draw intelligence at the fountain-head, —
There, on the frontier line of either kingdom. —

MEISCHEK.

Thy spirit fearfully aspires, my child.
Be temperate. — — — —

MARINA.

Yes, thou wilt grant it, — wilt conduct me thither.

MEISCHEK.

Me dost thou guide. Must I not do thy will?

MARINA.

See, dearest father, when I am Czarina,
Then Kiow must be made our frontier town.
It must be mine, and thou shalt govern there.

MEISCHEK.

Thou dreamest, girl! Already Muscovy's
Too narrow for thy mind; already thou
Seek'st territory at thy country's loss —

MARINA.

Kiow belongs not to our native land.
Of yore, Warager's princes govern'd there;
I have the olden chronicles by heart, —
'Twas torn from Muscovy's domain;
I but restore it to the ancient crown.

MEISCHEK.

Still! still! the vaivode must not hear such language!

(trumpets are heard.)

They march — — —

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(View of a Grecian convent, situated in a steril, wintry tract of country. A procession of nuns, habited in black with black veils, moves across the distant part of the stage. MARIA, wearing a white veil, stands apart from the rest, and is leaning over a grave-stone. OLGA leaves the procession, and comes forward, but pauses a moment to observe her, and then draws nearer.)

OLGA.

Is not thy heart inclined to seek with us
The open air, and view awaking Nature?
The sun approaches, and the nights decrease;
The river breaks the ice; the sledges turn
To skiffs, and bear the passage-birds along.
The world in open, inclination fresh
Allures us, from the narrow cloister's cell,
To brightest scenes of renovated fields.

And thou alone, emerged in endless grief,
Wilt not partake the general gayety?

MARFA.

Oh! leave me, and attend thy sisterhood!
Let those, seek after pleasure, who can hope.
The year, which renovates the earth, can bring
Me naught; to me, all seems as if 'twere past.

OLGA.

Wilt thou unceasingly lament thy son,
And sorrow o'er thy lost magnificence?
Time pours a balsam in each wounded heart,
And must his influence fail, on thee alone.
Thou wert Czarina of these spacious realms,
The mother of a lovely boy; and he
Was snatch'd from thee by cruel fate; thou didst
Behold thyself driven out, — in lonesome cloister,
Here on the limits of the living world.
But, sixteen times since that terrific day
The countenance of earth hath been renew'd.
Thine only do I see unalter'd still, —
An image of the tomb, when all around

Is full of life; like figure motionless,
Even as the sculptor carved it in the stone,
Eternally expressive of the same.

MARFA.

Yes, Time hath placed me here, to be myself
The monument of my most dreadful fate!
I will not calm myself, will not forget!
It is a timorous soul, that will accept
A remedy of Time, — a recompence, —
Amends for what admits of no repair!
Nothing — nothing shall buy of me my grief.
As with the wanderer move the vaulted heavens,
Immeasurably always circling him,
Wherever he may bend his steps in flight:
So too, with me goes sorrow, where I go;
It compasses me, like a boundless sea;
My constant tears do not exhaust my grief.

OLGA.

Oh! see but what the fisherman has brought,
About whom greedily my sisters press!
He comes from distant lands inhabited;

He bears a message from the haunts of men.
The sea is navigable, clear the roads;
Hast thou no curiosity to hear him?
For though we be as dead unto the world,
We fain would hear of its vicissitudes
A something, and would calmly from the shore
Astonish'd watch the breakers roll along.

(some of the nuns return with a fisherman.)

XENIA. HELENA.

Say on, relate to us the news thou bring'st.

ALEXIA.

Say, what is stirring now in Seculum.

FISHERMAN.

Right holy women, do but let me speak!

XENIA.

Is there war? — Is there peace?

ALEXIA.

Who rules the world?

FISHERMAN.

A vessel at Archangel is arrived
From polar regions, where the world lies torpid.

OLGA.

How came a vessel in that savage sea?

FISHERMAN.

She is an English bark, a merchant-man.

She hath discover'd a new way to us!

ALEXIA.

What will not mortal man attempt for gain!

XENIA.

On no side, therefore, can the world be closed.

FISHERMAN.

That is of all the least important news.

A very different fate effects the earth.

ALEXIA.

Declare thy meaning!

OLGA.

Say, what has occur'd?

FISHERMAN.

One lives to witness wonders in the world:

The dead arise, the buried live again.

OLGA.

Explain thyself!

FISHERMAN.

Czar Ivan's son, Demetrius,
Whom for these sixteen years we all have mourn'd
As dead, — he lives, in Poland is arisen.

OLGA.

What! Prince Demetrius lives!

MARFA (*starting up*).

My son!

OLGA.

Oh, calm thee!

Constrain thy heart, till we have heard the whole!

ALEXIA.

How can he live, who fell by ruffians' hands
At Uglitsch, he who perish'd in the flames?

FISHERMAN.

The conflagration's perils he escaped;
He found asylum in a cloister; there
Grew up most privately, until the hour
Arrived in which he might reveal his birth.

OLGA (*to Marfa*).

Thou tremblest, princess, — thou art pale?

MARFA.

I know

It is a mere illusion, — but, so little
I yet am steel'd against alarm and hope,
That now my heart doth waver in my breast.

OLGA.

And why illusion? Oh! give ear to him!
Could such a rumour spread without foundation?

FISHERMAN.

Without foundation? All the Poles and men
Of Lithuania are in arms. The Czar
Too trembles in his Capital!

(Marfa is violently agitated, and obliged to support herself on Olga and Alexia.)

XENIA.

Tell all!

ALEXIA.

Oh say, where didst thou pick up this report?

FISHERMAN.

Pick'd up indeed? A letter from the Czar,
Through all his territories hath been publish'd;
The Posadmik *) has read it in the forum.
'Tis said therein, that persons would delude us,
But that we should not credit the deceit!
And therefore we believe it; for unless
'Twere true, the prince had but despised the fraud.

MARFA.

Is this the firmness I would teach myself?
And doth my heart so much belong to Time,
That empty rumour can unnerve my soul?
For sixteen years have I already mourn'd
My son, and suddenly believe he lives?

OLGA.

'Thou hast deplored his death for sixteen years,
And yet thou never hast beheld his ashes!
Naught contradicts the truth of this report.
Providence watches o'er the destiny
Of nations and of princes. — Cherish hope! —

*) Country-judge, bailiff.

More comes to pass, than thou canst well divine —
Can mortals circumscribe Almightyness?

MARFA.

Shall I again turn back mine eyes on life,
From which I had at length withdrawn myself?

— — — — —

Hope surely could not linger with the dead.
Oh! speak not thus to me! Let not my heart
On such illusion hang! Let me not lose
A son so dear to me, — a second time!
Oh! my tranquillity, my peace is gone!
I cannot trust such words, and never can
Obliterate them wholly from my mind!
Alas! now first my son is lost to me;
I know not whether I should seek for him
Among the living, or among the dead.
I am given up to everlasting doubt!

(a bell is heard; a nun enters.)

OLGA.

Why sounds the bell?

NUN.

Th'archbishop is without;
From the great Czar he comes, and claims an
audience.

OLGA.

Th'archbishop! What important matter brings
Him here? —

XENIA.

Come, and receive him with due honours!

*(they go towards the door, at the same moment
the archbishop enters, they all bend on one
knee; after the Grecian manner, he signs the
sign of the cross over them.)*

JOB.

The kiss of peace I bring you in the name
Of Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Proceeding from the Father!

OLGA.

We salute
With meekness thy paternal hand, my lord!
— — — — Command thy daughters!

JOB.

My mission is design'd for sister Marfa.

OLGA.

Behold her there, awaiting thy commands!

(the nuns retire.)

JOB AND MARFA.

JOB.

It was the mighty Prince that sent me here;
Upon his distant throne he thinks of thee:
For as the day-god, with his eyes of flame,
Diffuses light and plenty through the world,
So too, the monarch's eyes are every where;
Even to the furthest corner of his realms
His care extends, his vision penetrates.

MARFA.

Full well I've learn'd, how far his arm can reach.

JOB.

He knows the lofty soul that quickens thee;
Indignant therefore he imparts a wrong,
Which Insolence has dared to offer thee.

MARFA.

— — — — —

JOB.

Then hear! — In Poland one, an evil-doer,
A renegade, who hath renounced his God,
Abjuring viciously his vow as monk,
Misuses now thy son's fair name, of whom
In infancy thou wert deprived by death.
The juggler plays the braggard, boasts his blood,
And boldly styles himself Czar Ivan's son;
A vaivode violates the peace, and back'd
By Polish forces, towards our confines bears
The spurious king, created by himself;
He leads the Russians' loyal hearts astray,
Exciting them to treason and revolt.

— — — — — The Czar

Sends me to thee from fatherly concern.

— Thou honourest the manes of thy son;
An insolent adventurer, thou wilt
Not suffer craftily to spoil the grave —
Audaciously usurp his name and rights.
Thou wilt declare aloud before the world,
That thou dost not acknowledge him thy son.
Thou wilt not cherish foreign, bastard blood
Upon thy heart, a heart that nobly beats;
This thou wilt do, the Czar expects as much, —
The shameful fabrication disavow
With the just indignation it deserves.

MARFA

(during this discourse is violently agitated.)

What do I hear, archbishop! Can it be? —
Oh speak! By what strong evidence or signs
Believes this rash adventurer himself
To be Czar Ivan's son, whose loss we mourn?

JOB.

But from a slight resemblance to the Czar,
And written documents, which chance supplied,

A precious relick likewise he displays,
And so deludes the credulous crowd.

MARFA.

A relick! and what relick? Oh declare!

JOB.

A golden cross, with nine large emeralds set;
Knass Ivan Mestislowkoy, as he says,
Even at his baptism, hung it round his neck.

MARFA.

What dost thou say? — Can he produce this jewel?

(with forced self-control.)

— And how may he account for his escape?

JOB.

He says, a faithful servant and Diac
Snatch'd him from th'assassins and the flames,
And bore him privately to Smolenscow.

MARFA.

Where doth he say he was conceal'd 'till now?

JOB.

In Tschudow's cloister he grew up, his rank
Unknown to him; thence fled to Lithuania
And Poland, where he served prince Sendomir,
Until an accident disclosed his birth.

MARFA.

Can such a fable furnish him with friends,
Who blood and zeal will hazard in his cause?

JOB.

Oh, Czaress! treacherous-hearted is the Pole,
He looks with envy on our fruitful land.
Right welcome unto him is each pretext
To kindle war within our boundaries!

MARFA.

Are there such unsuspecting souls in Russia,
So soon entangled in this subtle work?

JOB.

Oh, princess! fickle are the rabble's hearts,
They love variety; they think a change
Of rulers needs must turn to their advantage.

The falsehood's foolish confidence excites, —
The marvellous finds favour and belief.

Therefore, the Czar desires, that thou disperse
This phantom from the people, for but thou
Canst so. A word from thee, th'impostor dies,
Who insolently calls himself thy son.
It joys me greatly, thus to see thee moved.
The juggler's tricks disgust thee I perceive,
Thy cheeks with noble indignation burn.

MARFA.

And where, — inform me, where doth he tarry now,
Who has presumed to call himself our son?

JOB.

Already he makes head for Tschernicow;
It is reported, he has march'd from Kiow;
A band of Polish troopers follow him,
Together with some Cossacks from the Don.

MARFA.

Oh! Providence, accept my thanks! thanks! thanks!
Thou hast at length sent rescue and revenge.

JOB.

What Marfa! — How must I interpret this?

MARFA.

Ye heavenly powers, conduct him safely here!

Oh! all ye angels, hover round his banner!

JOB.

Is't possible? — What! Thee could the impostor, —

MARFA.

He is my son. By all these many signs

I know him. By the terror of thy Czar

I know him. It is he! He lives! he comes! —

Down, tyrant! from thy throne descend, and quake!

There still exists a branch of Ruric's stem;

The Czar, the just inheritor draws near, —

He comes, and will demand account of *his*.

JOB.

Mad woman! but consider what thou sayst?

MARFA.

The day hath dawn'd at length, of vengeance and

Of retribution. Heaven leads Innocence

From forth the shadow of the tomb, to light.
The haughty Sodunow, my deadly foe
Must, crouching at my feet, for mercy sue: —
How my most ardent wishes are fulfill'd!

JOB.

Can hatred have beguiled thee so?

MARFA.

Can fear

Have so beguiled thy Czar, that he should hope
From me deliverance — me — thus deeply wrong'd?

— — — — —

Shall I disown my son, a son whom Heaven
Miraculously call'd up from the tomb?
To gratify the murderer of my house,
Who woes unspeakable hath heap'd on me.
And shall I spurn the aid, which God at last
Hath sent me in my poignant lamentation?

JOB.

— — — — —

MARFA.

No, thou shalt not escape me. Thou shalt hear.
I have thee, and I will not let thee go.
At length, I can disburden my whole heart,
Can vent against my bitterest enemy
The inmost soul's withheld, inveterate hate!
— — — — Who was it thrust
Me in this sepulchre, the living one,
In all the strength and freshness of my youth,
With each warm inclination in my breast?
Who was it tore from me my darling son,
Ruffians despatch'd, to take away his life?
Oh! language cannot utter what I suffer'd,
As through the long, — long, cloudless, starry nights,
With unallay's desire, I held my vigils,
And counted with my tears the passing hours!
The day of vengeance and deliverance comes;
I see the lofty one at my disposal.

JOB.

And thou believ'st, to terrify the Czar, —

MARFA.

He is at my disposal — from my lips
One single word decides his destiny! —
And therefore has thy sovereign sent thee here.
Both Poles and Russians turn their eyes on me.
If I acknowledge him as Ivan's son
And mine, then every one will pay him homage;
The throne is his. If I deny him, he is lost.
For who will credit that a mother, wrong'd
As I have been, would disavow her child,
And league her with the murderer of her house:
It costs me but a word, and all the world
Forsakes him as a cheat. — Is it not so?
This word is ask'd of me. — For Sodunow,
'Tis own'd, I can perform this mighty service!

JOB.

Thou canst perform it for thy country — save
The kingdom from the need of war, if thou
Respectest truth. Thou dost not doubt his death,
And could'st thou testify against thy conscience?

MARFA.

I have lamented him for sixteen years,
Yet never saw his ashes. I believed
His death, in the according voice of men,
And my own anguish. In the voice
Of nations and my hopes, I now believe
Him living. It were reprobate, with doubt
To set a limit to Omnipotence.
And though he even were not my bosom's son,
Yet he shall be the son of my revenge.
I will accept, — adopt him as my child,
Whom Heaven hath born, to vindicate my wrongs.

JOB.

— — Unhappy being! wilt thou brave
The powerful? From his arm thou art not screen'd, —
Not in the deep seclusion of the convent.

MARFA.

He can slay me; within the grave, or in
A dungeon's darkness he can drown my voice,
That it may never echo through the world —
This he can do; but make me utter what

*I will not, that he never can; — nor even
With thy great cunning, — that design hath fail'd.*

JOB.

*Are these thy latest words? Consider well!
No better answer must I bring the Czar?*

MARFA.

*Let him rely on Heaven, if he but dare,
Upon his subjects' fondness, if he can.*

JOB.

*Enough! — Thou art resolved upon thy ruin,
Thou leanest on a fragile reed, which breaks;
Thou too wilt fall with him. —*

MARFA (*alone*).

*It is my son, of that I cannot doubt.
The savage dwellers of the open desert arm
For him; the haughty Pole too, Palatinus
Stakes in his righteous cause his noble daughter, —
And shall I but reject him, I, his mother?
The burst of joy, which dizzies every heart,
Making the very earth itself to reel,*

Shall it have no effect on me alone?
He is my son; I will believe him such.
With fervent, lively confidence I grasp
The glad deliverance Heaven hath sent to me!

'Tis he, he hastens with a mighty force,
To set me free, my insults to avenge!
Hark to his drums! his battle-trumpets sound!
Ye nations, come from morning and from mid-
day*), —

Come from your heaths, your everlasting woods!
In every garb, of every language come!
Equip the camel, rein-deer, and the steed!
Roll hither, numberless as ocean's waves,
And gather round the standard of your king! —
Oh! wherefore am I straighten'd here, — thus
cribb'd,

Confined, with feelings so unlimited!
Eternal sun, that compasseth the globe,
Be thou the messenger of each desire!
Thou all pervading, boundless atmosphere,

*) „From morning and from mid-day“: from the East
and the South.

That soon perform'st the furthest journey, — oh!
Convey to him my warmest wishes, prayers
And supplications — they are all I have!
I draw these burning from my inmost soul,
I send them wing'd unto the throne of heaven, —
To him I send them as a mighty host.

SCENE II.

(A hill, surrounded with trees. A broad and sunny distance discloses itself: a beautiful stream is seen flowing through the landscape, which is enlivened with rising crops. Far and near, the spires of towns are seen glittering. Drums and other warlike instruments behind the scenes. ODOWALSKY and other officers enter; immediately afterwards DEMETRIUS.)

ODOWALSKY.

Withdraw the army to the woods beneath,
The while we look around us from these heights.

(some retire, and Demetrius enters.)

DEMETRIUS *(starting back.)*

Ha! what a prospect!

ODOWALSKY.

Prince! Thou dost behold
Thy realm before thee. — That is Russian ground.

RAZIN.

This pillar bears the arms of Muscovy;
Here terminates the Polish monarch's sway.

DEMETRIUS.

Is yon the NIEPER, yonder quiet stream
Which waters the green meadows?

ODOWALSKY.

'Tis the Desna.

Lo, where the towers of Tschernigow arise!

RAZIN.

Those glittering on the far horizon, are
Severisch Nofogrod's tall cupolas.

DEMETRIUS.

How placid is the scene! What lovely meadows!

ODOWALSKY.

Spring has array'd them in her brightest garb;
The fertile soil produces plenteous crops.

DEMETRIUS.

The view sweeps onward to infinity.

RAZIN.

Yet this, my liege, of Russia's vast domain,
Is but a small beginning. For unhemm'd,
It stretches on to meet the rising sun,
And hath no confines to the north, except
The living, generative power of earth.

— — — — —

RAZIN.

See how contemplative our Czar becomes.

DEMETRIUS.

Peace still inhabits these delicious fields,
And I, with war's terrific implements,
Approach now hostile to ravage them!

ODOWALSKY.

One thinks of such things afterwards, my liege!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou feel'st but as a Pole, I am a son
Of Russia, — 'tis the land which gave me life.

Forgive me, dearest soil, domestic earth,
Thou sacred boundary-column which I grasp,
Whereon my father hath impress'd his eagle, —
Pardon that I, thy son, with foreign arms
Now violate thy Temple's peace! I come
To redemand my heritage, — to seek
The noble name, of which I have been spoil'd.
'Twas here my ancestors, Warager's line,
In long succession, thirty ages reign'd;
I am the last of their descendants, saved
From ruffians' hands by destiny divine.

— — — — —

SCENE III.

(A Russian village. An open place before the church. The alarm bell is heard. GLEB, ILIA and TIMOSKA, armed with axes, hasten on the stage.)

GLEB

(coming out of a house.)

Why do the people run?

ILIA

(coming out of another house.)

Who sounds the bell? —

TIMOSKA.

Out, neighbours! every one, to council! come!

(OLEG and IGOR with other men, women and children, carrying bundles.)

GLEB.

What do ye here with women and with babes?

IGOR.

Flee, flee! the Poles make inroad in the land
Towards Moromesk, and murder all they find.

OLEG.

Fly to th'interiour, to guarded towns!
We have set fire unto our cottages, —
Our village, a whole village has arisen,
And hastens to the army of the Czar.

TIMOSKA.

There comes another troop of fugitives.

(IVANSKA and PETRUSCHKA, with armed peasants, enter from the opposite side.)

IVANSKA.

Long live the Czar! great prince Demetrius!

GLEB.

What's that?

ILIA. .

Where would you go?

TIMOSKA.

And who are ye?

PETRUSCHKA.

Those, faithful to our lineal sovereign, follow!

TIMOSKA.

What means all this? A *village* yonder flies
Towards the interiour, to escape the Pole;
And will you go, even there, whence these have fled?
Will you confederate with your country's foe?

PETRUSCHKA.

What foe? He is no foe that comes; he is
The people's friend, this country's rightful lord.

The Posadmik (country-judge) enters, in order to read a manifesto of Demetrius. The inhabitants of the village waver between the two parties. The women are first won over to Demetrius, and decide the question.

Camp of Demetrius. He is defeated in the first action, but the forces of Czar Boris in a great measure unwillingly conquer, and do not follow up their advantage. Demetrius, in despair, will kill himself, and is with much difficulty prevented by Conla and Odowalsky. Insolence even of the Cossacks towards Demetrius.

The encampment of Czar Boris's army. He is himself absent, and this injures his cause, since he is feared, and not loved. The army is strong, but not to be trusted upon. The leaders are by no means unanimous, and in part incline towards the side of Demetrius from various motives. One of them, Solticow, declares for him, from a conviction of the justice of his cause. His desertion is of the highest moment; a great portion of the army joins Demetrius.

BORIS at Moscow. He still appears as absolute sovereign, and has faithful servants about him; but he is already exasperated by bad news. The fear of an insurrection at Moscow prevents his joining the army. He is also ashamed to act, as Czar in person, against the impostor. Scene between him and the Archbishop.

Messengers of evil tidings arrive from all directions, and the danger of Boris increases. He hears of the falling off of the country-militia and provincial towns, of the inactivity and mutiny of the forces, of the disturbances at Moscow, of the advance of Demetrius. This causes him fresh uneasiness. An account now comes, that the Boyars fly to the camp of Demetrius, and that the whole army is his.

BORIS and AXINIA. The Czar, as a father, appears truly affecting, and in a conversation with his daughter discloses his inmost self.

Boris had acquired sovereignty through crime, but had undertaken and executed its several duties; for the country he is an estimable prince,

and a true father to his subjects. Only in matters relating to his person, towards individuals he is suspicious, revengeful and cruel. His mind raises him, as his rank, above all that environs him. The long possession of chief power, the habitual sway over men and the despotic form of the government, have so nourished his pride, that it is impracticable for him to outlive his greatness. He clearly sees what awaits him; but he is still Czar, and not debased, should he resolve to die.

He believes in prophecies, and in his present state of mind things appear to him significant, which at any other period he would have despised. Any particular circumstance, in which he found the voice of destiny, would be to him decisive.

Shortly before his death, his disposition undergoes a change, he is milder towards the messengers of bad tidings, and is ashamed of the bursts of indignation with which he had received the former ones. He calmly listens to the worst tidings, and even recompenses the narrator.

As soon as he has heard the misfortune which is to decide his fate, composed and resigned he retires, without further explanation. Shortly afterwards he enters habited as monk, and withdraws his daughter from the scene of his last moments. In a convent she is to seek an asylum from insult; his son Feodor, being still a child, would perhaps have less to apprehend. He drinks the poison, and retires to a lonely chamber, to expire in secret.

Universal confusion at the news of the Czar's death. The Boyars form a council of the empire, and govern in the Kremlin. Romanow (the future Czar, and the head of the reigning family) appears with an armed force, swears on the breast of the Czar the oath of fidelity to his son Feodor, and obliges the Boyars to follow his example. Vengeance and immoderate ambition are far from his soul; his aim is justice. He loves Axinia without hope, and though unconscious of it, is equally beloved.

Romanow hastens to the army, to win it over to the cause of the youthful Czar. Revolution in Moscow, brought about by the faction of Demetrius.

The people drag the Boyars out of their houses, seize Feodor and Axinia, imprison them, and dispatch delegates to Demetrius.

Demetrius at Tula, on the pinnacle of fortune. The army is his; the keys of several cities are delivered over to him. Moscow alone seems to oppose him. He is mild and amiable, betrays a noble-minded emotion on hearing the account of the death of Boris, pardons a discovered project against his life, disdains the slavish homage of the Russians and will abolish it. On the other hand, the Poles, by whom he is surrounded, are rough, and treat the Russians with contempt. Demetrius wishes for an interview with his mother, and sends messengers to Marina.

Among the number of Russians, who crowd about Demetrius at Tula, one appears, whom Demetrius immediately knows; he is much rejoiced to see him again. He dismisses every one, and as soon as he is alone with this man, thanks him cordially, as his benefactor and deliverer. The other gives to understand, that Demetrius is indeed under great obligations to him, and greater than he is aware of. Demetrius urges

him to explain himself with more perspicuity, and the murderer of the true Demetrius now discloses the real state of the case. For this murder he had not been rewarded, nay, had nothing but his death to expect from Boris. Thirsting for revenge, he discovered a boy, whose likeness to Czar Ivan struck him. This circumstance must be taken advantage of. He got possession of the boy, fled with him from Uglitsch, carried him to a priest whom he was confident of gaining over to his views, and put into his hands the jewel which he had himself taken from the murdered Demetrius. Through this boy, whom he afterwards never lost sight of, and whose steps he had always secretly directed, he is now avenged. His tool, the false Demetrius, governs Russia in the room of Boris.

During this narrative, a prodigious alteration is perceptible in Demetrius. His silence is terrible. In a moment of the greatest fury and desperation, the assassin excites him to the highest pitch, by demanding his recompense with sturdiness and arrogance. He stabs him.

Monologue of Demetrius. Internal struggle, but preponderating feeling of the necessity of maintaining his character as Czar.

The deputies of the city of Moscow arrive, and tender their submission to Demetrius. They are received with dark and threatening measures. Amongst them is the patriarch. Demetrius divests him of his dignity, and shortly afterwards sentences a Russian of distinction, who had expressed doubts as to his legitimacy.

Marfa and Olga, beneath a magnificent tent, await the arrival of Demetrius. Marfa speaks of the approaching interview with more doubt and apprehension, than hope, and trembles to meet the moment, which should be to her one of the greatest felicity. Olga exhorts her, although herself incredulous. During their long journey, they both had found leisure to call every particular to mind; the first exaltation had given place to reflection. The gloomy silence and repulsive glances of the sentinels, who surround the tent, serve to augment their doubts.

The trumpets sound. Marfa is irresolute, whether she shall go and meet Demetrius. He now stands before her, alone. The little hope her bosom had still cherished, entirely vanishes on seeing him. Something strange interposes between

them, nature does not speak, they are eternally separated. There was once an attempt to approximate; Marfa is the first, who shows a disposition to retire. Demetrius observes this, and remains for an instant perplexed. Portentous silence. —

DEMETRIUS. Dost thou feel no impulse of the heart? Dost thou not acknowledge thine own blood in me?

MARFA is speechless.

DEMETRIUS. The voice of Nature is free and sacred; I neither will constrain her, nor counterfeit. At the sight of me, had thy heart spoken, mine too had answered; thou hadst found in me a good, an affectionate son. What is needful would have been done with inclination, with love, with sincerity. But if thou canst not feel as a mother, yet think as a princess, bear thyself as befits a queen! Destiny, unhopèd for, as a son gave me to thee; receive me as the gift of heaven. Even though I were not thy son, as I now appear, yet have I robbed thy son of nothing. I have but robbed thine enemies. Thee and thine have I avenged, have snatched thee from the tomb in which thou wert buried alive, have reinstated thee upon the throne. — Thou knowest well, thy fate is linked with mine. Thou dost stand with

me, and thou must fall with me. The eyes of nations are fixed on us. —

I comprehend the juggle, and what I do not feel, I cannot show; but I feel in truth such a sentiment of reverence towards thee, that my knees must bend before thee, — 'tis no hypocrisy.

(Dumb play of Marfa, which evinces the internal emotion of her mind.)

DEMETRIUS. Resolve! Let thy will act freely, that which Nature dictates. I ask from thee no dissimulation, no falsehood; I demand genuine feeling. *Do not appear to be my mother, be so —* Reject the past, and cordially embrace the present! If I be not thy son, I am Czar; I possess power, fortune. — He, who lies in the grave, is dust; he has no heart to love thee with, no eyes to smile on thee — turn to the living —

(Marfa burst into tears.)

DEMETRIUS. Oh! these golden drops are welcome. Let them flow! Show thyself thus to the people!

(On a sign being made by Demetrius, the tent opens, and the assembled Russians are witnesses of this scene.)

The entry of Demetrius into Moscow. Great splendour, but warlike preparations. Poles and Cossacks conduct the procession. Gloom and terror are mixed up with the general rejoicings. Suspicion and misfortune pervade the whole.

Romanow, who had joined the army too late, returns to Moscow, to protect Feodor and Axinia. All is fruitless; he is himself imprisoned. Axinia flies to the Czaress Marfa, and throwing herself at her feet, implores her protection against the Poles. She there beholds Demetrius, and the sight of her kindles in him an ungovernable passion. Axinia abhors him.

Demetrius as Czar — a formidable element deludes him, but he cannot overcome it; he is guided by the force of others' passions. — His innermost conscience begets universal mistrust! He has no friend, not one being faithful to him. Poles and Cossacks, by their arrogant behaviour, lower him in the minds of the people. Even those virtues which had gained for him honour, his popularity, simplicity and dislike to all rigid ceremonies, now produce dissatisfaction. He sometimes unwarily violates the customs of

the country. He persecutes the monks, because he had suffered under them. Nor is he exempt from despotic humour, in moments of insulted pride. — Odowalsky still knows how to render his presence necessary to him, removes the Russians from about his person, and maintains his overpowering influence.

Demetrius grows faithless to Marina. He speaks upon the subject with archbishop Job, who, in order to get rid of the Poles, meet his wishes, and gives him a lofty idea of imperial power.

Marina appears at Moscow with a numerous suite. Her interview with Demetrius. False and cold reception on both sides; she however better knows how to disguise herself. She presses for a speedy marriage. Preparations are made for a sumptuous entertainment.

By command of Marina, a cup of poison is brought to Axinia. Death is welcome to her. She dreads, that she should be compelled to follow the Czar to the altar.

Intense anguish of Demetrius. With broken heart he departs, to solemnize his nuptials with Marina.

After the marriage ceremony, Marina discovers to him, that she does not, nor ever did consider him as the true Demetrius. She coldly leaves him to himself, in a terrible condition of mind.

In the interim, Schinskoy, one of Czar Boris's former generals, profits by the increasing discontent of the people, and heads a conspiracy against Demetrius.

Romanow is comforted in his prison by an apparition. Axinia's ghost appears to him, unlocks to his view future and better days, and commands him calmly to wait until destiny ripen, and not to contaminate himself with blood. Romanow receives a hint, that he will be called to the throne. Shortly after this, he is invited to engage in the conspiracy; he declines.

Solticow bitterly reproaches himself, for having betrayed his country to Demetrius. But he will

not be a traitor twice, and supports out of rectitude, contrary to his feelings, the party he has once espoused. Since the evil is done, he at least seeks to mitigate it, and to debilitate the power of the Poles. He forfeits his life in the attempt; but he takes his death as a deserving punishment, and in his dying moments avows it to Demetrius himself.

Casimir, a brother of Lodoiska, a young Pole, who secretly and without hope had cherished a passion for Demetrius while in the house of the vaivode of Sendomir, had accompanied the troops at the instance of his sister, and valiantly protected him in every engagement. In a moment of the most imminent peril, when all the other followers of Demetrius are but attentive to their individual safety, Casimir remains faithful, and offers himself up for him.

The complot comes to an eruption. Demetrius is with the Czarina Marfa, and the leaders penetrate into the chamber. The dignity and courage of Demetrius have a momentary effect on the rebels. He is on the very point of pacifying them, by surrendering into their hands the Poles at

discretion. Just then, Schinskoy rushes in with another furious multitude. A precise explanation is required of the Czaress: she must kiss the cross, in token that Demetrius is her son. To bear witness against her conscience, in so solemn a manner, is to her impossible. Speechless she turns away from Demetrius, and will retire. „She is silent?“ the furious multitude shout, „she denies him? Then perish, impostor!“ — And pierced through he lies at Marfa's feet.

S C E N E S

FROM

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA

OR

THE HOSTILE BRETHREN,

A TRAGEDY

BY

F. SCHILLER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DONNA ISABELLA, princess of Messina.

DON MANUEL,
DON CESAR, } her sons.

BEATRICE.

DIEGO.

MESSENGER.

CHORUS, consisting of the followers of the
brothers.

ELDERS OF MESSINA.

THE BRIDE OF MESSINA.

A spacious, vaulted hall, with entrances on both sides; a folding-door in the back ground, leading to a chapel.

DONNA ISABELLA in deep mourning, the ELDERS of Messina surrounding her.

ISABELLA.

Ye grave and reverend Elders of this city,
Not inclination, but necessity
Most urgent, drew me from the solitude
And silence of my chamber, to unveil
My countenance before the gaze of men.
It more befits the widow, who hath lost
Her lord, the light and glory of her life,
The black envelop'd form in quiet walls
To closet from the notice of mankind, —
But all inexorable, all powerful
The times' commanding voice impels me forth
Into the world's unwonted light again.

Scarce twice the moon has yet renewed her form
Of brightness, since I bore unto his rest
The prince who govern'd with strong hand your city,
Protecting you with giant arm against
A world, which hostilely encircles you.
He is departed, but his spirit lives —
Lives in a pair of bold, heroic sons,
This country's glory. 'From their infancy,
You have beheld them grow in joyful strength,
But with them of unknown, disastrous seed
Grew also an unblessed brother-hatred,
That laniated the delightful link
Of childhood, still increasing with their years.
I never yet rejoiced in their accord,
Although I nourish'd both upon this breast,
And parted love and sorrow equally,
And know them filially inclined to me.
In this, — this single impulse they are one,
In every other, murderous strife divides them.

So long, however, as their father ruled,
Their wild, outrageous passions were held bridled,

For terribly austere his justice, and
Impartially dispensed; he thus subdued
Their stubborn wills beneath a yoke of iron weight.
It never was permitted them when arm'd
To meet each other, in the self-same walls
To pass the night; such stern commands confined
Indeed eruptions of their wild desires,
But left the *hate* unalter'd in their bosoms —
He, little cares to check the lowly spring,
Who can restrain the mighty cataract.

What must come, came. When death had
closed his eyes,
And his strong hand no longer tamed them, straight
The ancient enmity broke out, like fire
Compress'd, and kindled to an open flame.
I tell you but what you behold, Messina
By their disunion disunited, all
Pacifick, holy ties of nature loosen'd,
Giving the signal for a general fray;
Swords clash on swords, the city is become
A battle-field, — these halls are stain'd with blood.

I undertook a hopeless task, between
Them flung myself with lacerated heart, —
Between the furious brethren, crying »Peace!« —
Unterrified, unwearied I despatch'd
Now messengers to one, and then the other,
Till by my prayers I won their full consent,
Here in Messina, in their father's castle,
Unhostily to parley face to face,
Which since the prince's death has never been.

This is the day! I wait the messenger
With news of their approach. — Then be prepared
To meet your rulers, as becomes the subject.
Perform your duty; leave the rest to us.
The brothers' strife hath brought calamity
And ruin on this country and themselves;
Once reconciled, once reunited, they
Are strong enough to shield you 'gainst a world,
And more — against you to maintain their rights!

*(The Elders withdraw in silence, their hands on
their breasts. She beckons to an old servant, who
remains.)*

ISABELLA. DIEGO.

ISABELLA.

Diego!

DIEGO.

What commands my princess?

ISABELLA.

Come —

Come near me! honest, trustworthy attendant!
My sufferings and my grief hast thou partaken;
Participate the joy too of the joyful.
I did intrust my secret to thy breast,
A secret holy, sweet, yet full of torture.
The moment is arrived, that must reveal it.
I have too long suppress'd great Nature's yearning,
For over me still sway'd another's will;
My voice may now be heard; this very day
Shall satisfy my heart; within this house,
Long desolate, shall gather all I love.

To yonder well-known monastery bend
Thine aged steps, a treasure of great price
Is there inshrined. Thou, good and faithful soul,

That mournful service for the mournful didst,
By flight preserving it till better days.
Now merrily bring back the precious pledge!

(wind instruments are heard at a distance.)

Oh haste! Let joy invigorate thy feet!
I hear the warlike clarions' piercing sound,
Forewarning that my sons approach.

(Exit Diego. The music is heard from an opposite direction, and approaches still nearer and nearer.)

ISABELLA.

Aroused

Is all Messina — Hark! a roaring stream
Of mingled voices rolls along — 'tis they!
How, palpitating, this maternal heart
The sweet attraction of their presence feels.
They come! they come! — my children, o my
children!

(she hurries forth.)

CHORUS *(enters).*

(It consists of two half Chorusses, which at the same time enter from different directions, the one

from the back, the other from the foreground; they walk round the stage, and then form themselves into ranks, each on the same side by which it had entered. One half of the Chorus is formed of the younger, the other of the elder knights; both are distinguished by colours and badges. When both Chorusses have arranged themselves, the march ceases, and the leader of each Chorus speaks.)

FIRST CHORUS.

I salute thee with reverence,
Glittering hall,
Cradle of princes,
Column-supported, magnificent roof!

Slumber, thou sword,
Deep in thy scabbard!
Serpent-hair'd monster of war,
Lie before the gates fetter'd!
Now is the dwelling's
Most sanctified threshold
Guarded by Oath, the son of the Furies,
Most fearful of all the Tartarian gods!

SECOND CHORUS.

Furious rages my heart in my bosom ,
And my hands for the combat are closed;
For I behold the head of Medusa,
The detestable form of my foe.
Scarce can I hinder my blood's overboiling, —
Shall I accord him the honour of speech?
Or but comply with my fierce inclination?
Greatly Euminides still do I fear;
She is this place's protectress,
And of the hallowed Peace which prevails.

FIRST CHORUS.

Provident bearing
Suits with the aged,
I therefore first, as more prudent, salute.

(to the second Chorus.)

Welcome to me,
Welcome art thou,
Brotherly sharing
Feelings the same,
Honouring the gods

Who this palace protect!
Since pacifick the princes confer,
Let us peaceable words too exchange,
In a cool and a calm state of blood,
For the word that is healing is good.
But whenever I meet thee abroad,
Be the blood-thirsty battle renew'd,
Let our valour be proved by the sword.

THE WHOLE CHORUS.

But whenever I meet thee abroad,
Be the blood-thirsty battle renew'd,
Let our valour be proved by the sword.

FIRST CHORUS.

Thee I detest not! We are not foes!
We were born in one city —
They are but foreigners here.
If the rulers will fight, must the servants
Murder each other, each other destroy?
Such is now order, such is the law!

SECOND CHORUS.

They are acquainted
Best with the reasons
Wherefore they quarrel! It troubles not me.
But their battles we fight;
He is no man of honour, no knight,
Who can see his commander despised.

THE WHOLE CHORUS.

But their battles we fight;
He is no man of honour, no knight,
Who can see his commander despised.

ONE OF THE CHORUS.

Oh! list to the thoughts of my mind,
As sunk in a serious vein,
I leisurely march'd through each lane,
Where golden corn bends to the wind.

In the combat, when furiously blind,
We have never reflected as men,
For the hot blood deluded us then.

Are not these promising corn-fields our own?
These elm-trees, about which intertwine

The arms of the amorous vine,
Are they not children as well of our sun?
Could we not lengthen felicitous days
With enjoyments most harmless and blest;
From the earth a sufficiency raise,
And partake it together in rest?
Wherefore ourselves for mere strangers embroil?
They have no claim and no right to this soil.
In a vessel our island they won,
Coming from regions where setteth the sun;
With hospitality treated we them,
(Our fathers! many long ages have past)
We now are their subjects, their vassals at last —
Vassals of strangers, this alien stem!

A SECOND.

True! we dwell in a fortunate land,
Which the heaven's wide-wandering sun
Ever genially glowing shines on,
May enjoy too this beautiful land,
But we cannot defend it, nor save
It from plunder, to pirates betray'd
(Who in numbers our sea-coasts invade,)

By the ocean's encompassing wave.
We've a treasure to shelter and hoard,
Which entices the foreigners' sword.
We are slaves on our thresholds, the land
Lends its children no sheltering hand.
Not where Pan and where Ceres serene
And contentedly smiling are seen,
But where iron grows deep in the earth
Of the mountains, the Conqu'ror has birth!

FIRST CHORUS.

Disproportion'd life's blessings we find
'Mongst the fugitive race of mankind;
Nature, just and impartial is still.
We' ve the marrow and fruits of the earth,
Germinating with ever new birth;
They, invincible power and will,
What their sensual bosoms attract,
Arm'd with force unresisting they act,
And the earth with a mighty noise fill;
But behind the tall height, will the hollow
Resounding, swift cataract follow,

Therefore rather I choose the low ground,
My own weakness enclosing me round!
Those violent floods of the Storm,
When hail-stones in masses descend,
And water-spouts which the clouds form,
Fierce and gloomily blend,
Rolling rapidly on with a strength
And a sound like the roaring of thunder,
Till the dams are demolish'd at length,
And the bridges are broken asunder, —
Nothing can bridle their force,
Though form'd in an instant; their course
Can no longer be traced,
For the sands have each vestige effaced,
They're but known by the wide-spreading waste.
— Conquerors come, and soon vanish again;
We, who submissively serve them, remain.

*(The folding doors in the back ground open;
Donna Isabella appears between her sons Don Ma-
nuel and Don Cesar.)*

BOTH CHORUSSES.

Glory and praise unto her,
Yonder rising on us,
Like a luminous sun;
Kneeling, I honour thy presence, o queen!

, FIRST CHORUS.

Beauteous the moonbeams'
Delicate clearness
Mid the glittering glance of the stars;
Beauteous the mother's
Lovelier grandeur
'Twixt the fiery forms of her sons.
Not on the earth
Is her likeness, her equal beheld.

Lofty and blooming,
On the summit of life,
She completeth the circle of beauty;
Gloriously finish'd, the world
Crowns itself with the mother and sons.

Nothing holy Religion
Fairer describes
On the celestial throne;

Heaven-born Science
Pictures nothing sublimer,
Than together the mother and son.

SECOND CHORUS.

Pleased, a tree she beholds
Blossoming spring from her lap,
Germinating, for ever renewed.
She hath brought forth a race,
That shall wander on with the sun,
Giving Time's revolutions the name.

Nations depart with a clamour,
Names sound away,
Darksome oblivion
Spreads her night-heavy pinions
Over whole generations.

But the lone heads
Of the rulers of earth
Lighted up shine,
Touch'd by Aurora
With a radiance eternal,
As the prominent peaks of the world.

DON MANUEL AND THE FIRST CHORUS.

DON MANUEL.

Already, as I said, for some moons past
The old man dropt mysterious hints, the time
Drew near that should restore her unto hers.
But yesterday he plainly spoke, declaring
That with the rising of the next day's sun —
'Tis shining now, this is the very day —
Her future destiny would be decided.
There was no moment to be lost, at once
I form'd and executed my resolve.
Last night, most secretly I stole away
The maiden, and convey'd her to Messina.

CHORUS.

A hardy and rapacious deed!
— Forgive, o sire, my blunt, reproachful speech!
Such is the privilege of wiser age,
When rash youth daringly forgets itself.

DON MANUEL.

Hard by the convent of the Merciful,
Deep in a garden's shady solitude,

Untrod by idle curiosity,
Even now I separated from my love,
Here hastening to the reconciliation.
I left her anxious and alone, no less
Expecting than, with royal state to meet
Messina's gaze, inthroned on pedestal
Of glory. She shall never see me more,
Unless attired in full magnificence
And pomp, encompass'd by your knightly chorus.
I would not my betroth'd, Don Manuel's bride,
A homeless fugitive approach my mother;
No! — I will usher her as best befits
Her rank, as princess in my fathers' halls!

CHORUS.

Command us, sire; we but await thy beck.

DON MANUEL.

Although I now have torn me from her arms,
For her alone I will be busied still.
To the BAZAR repair with me, where moors
Expose for sale the produce of the East,
Its richest merchandise and works of art.

Choose sandals first; to cover and adorn
The lovely-moulded feet; a garment next
Select, which India's cunning loom has woven,
Sparkling like Aetna's snow, as nearest day —
And light as morning vapour it shall float
Around the well proportion'd limbs of youth.
Of purple intermix'd with golden threads
A zone, the tunic gracefully to link
Beneath the spotless bosom; add to these
A purple mantle of the costliest silk,
And which a pure gold *cicada* shall loop
Above the shoulder — nor forget the clasps
To span the snowy arms; the ornaments
Of pearl, of coral white and red, the gifts
Of ocean's goddess. Round her fragrant locks
May wind a diadem of gems, wherein
The emerald and fiery-glowing ruby
With colour'd lightnings cross. Made fast amid
The tresses of her hair, an ample veil
Shall swim about her form like summer's cloud;
The virgin's myrtle crown complete the whole.

CHORUS.

It shall be done as thou commandest, sire;
For all things may be had in readiness.

DON MANUEL.

Bring forth the noblest palfrey from his stall,
And snow-white as the horses of the sun-god;
Of purple be his cloth, his bridle set
With precious stones: since he must bear my queen.
My chorus, splendidly attire yourselves
In knightly pomp, and be prepared
To lead your princess home with trumpets' sound.
I go to order all things; two of you
Be partners of my steps. The rest remain —
What you have heard, reposit in your breasts,
Until the band be loosen'd from your tongues.
(exit Don Manuel, accompanied by two of the Chorus.)

CHORUS.

What employment, what aim shall be ours,
Since the princes now rest from their feud,
To replenish the vacuous hours,
Time's all wearisome infinitude?

Ere the arrival of every morn,
Man must tremble, and hope, and purvey,
That existence's weight may be borne,
And the sameness and length of each day, —
That some breeze with its freshness may wake
Life's lethargic and motionless lake.

ONE OF THE CHORUS.

Lovely is Peace! like a beautiful swain
By some quiet some streamlet reposing,
While on the verdant and sun-lighted plain
Lambs about him are playfully browsing;
Tender notes he draws forth from his reed,
And melodiously echo the mountains,
Or as day's dying glories recede,
He is lull'd into slumber by fountains —
But its honour hath equally Strife,
'Tis the mover of all human fate,
I enjoy a vivacious life,
And would fain for an infinite date
Wavering, swinging and floating still dance
On the rising and sinking, dark billows of Chance.

For in Peace man decays; to the brave,
Such inertness is even as the grave.
Law's the friend of the feeble alone,
It would equalise every one;
War ennobles mankind, for it makes
Strength appear, and a courage in cowards awakes.

A SECOND.

Stand not open the temples of Love?
To the Beautiful do not men rove?
There is something to hope and to fear;
Something majestic, we all must revere!
Our existence love quickens and cheers,
And relieved its dark colours become.
The beneficent daughter of foam,
Sweetly beguileth the rapturous years;
In life's realities vulgar and sad,
Forms doth she weave of dreams golden and glad.

A THIRD.

Be the sweet blossom for blossoming May,
Glitter on BEAUTY! Let those be still twining

Garlands, whose locks are still youthfully shining;
Manhood, a steadier god should obey.

FIRST.

With Diana, the rigorous maid,
Let us hie to the wild thicket's shade,
Where is deepest the gloom of the oak,
And the antelope hurl from its rock.
Like's the Chase to the turmoil of wars,
'Tis the frolicksome consort of Mars —
We arise in the grey of the morn,
When the quavering sound of the horn
Bids us joyfully sally
To the vaporous valley,
Over mountain and cavern, our frames
To refresh in ethereal streams!

SECOND.

Or our limbs shall we trust to the ocean,
To that deity always in motion,
Whose unlimited lap doth invite
With translucency pleasingly bright?
Shall we built on the wanton, wild tide

Floating castles of pleasure and pride?
Yonder green, crystalline field they who plough
With the vessel's sharp, arrowy prow,
Unto Fortune that instant are wed, —
Theirs is creation's broad, limitless scope;
Theirs is a harvest without sowing seed!
For the sea is the region of hazard and hope;
There in a moment the rich are necessitous made,
And the beggar soon equals the diadem'd head.
There as swiftly the winds
As the thoughts of our minds
Round about the whole compass-card range,
So the lots too of Destiny change, —
Fortune for ever is rolling her ball;
There, is no property — billow is all!

THIRD.

Not the billows' dominion wide,
Not alone on the turbulent tide,
On the earth too, though firmly it rest
On eternal, old columns, yet never
Fortune stays, but is wavering ever.

— Little hope remains now in my breast,
And I fear this union cannot last;
On the lava burning mountains cast,
Never would I dare to build my cot.
Hate hath eat too deep in, acts have past,
Ne'er to be forgiven, nor forgot;
I've not yet beheld the gloomy end,
Terrible, if dreams the truth portend!
I am silent; though I loathe this tie,
Luckless marriage and its privacy,
Stealthy paths of love which shun the day,
Then the cloister's sacrilegious deed:
What is virtuous, loves no crooked way;
Evil fruit must spring from evil seed.

SECOND.

'Twas a theft which the spouse of the sire
Did compel to unlawfully wed;
She was the old Prince's choice, who in ire
Breathed out o'er the unsanctified bed
Imprecations and curses most dread.
Deeds atrocious, and nameless, and fell,
Conceal'd in this family dwell.

CHORUS.

Trust me, it hath not well begun,
And it happily will not conclude;
Ever chastised are crimes under the sun,
Perpetrated in furious mood.
That the brethren should mortally hate,
Is not chance, nor yet whimsical fate;
On their parent impended this doom:
„Hatred and discord should spring from her
womb.“

— But my thoughts shall their hiding place keep,
For the gods work in secrecy deep;
It is time when misfortunes draw near,
Time to weep, when they truly appear.

(exit Chorus.)

*The scene changes to a garden, which commands
a view of the sea.*

BEATRICE

*(comes out of an adjoining summer-house, walks
up and down much agitated, and looks wistfully*

about her in every direction. On a sudden she pauses and listens.)

It is not he — it was the sportive breezes ,
Which sweeping through the lofty pine-tops roar ;
The westward journey of the sun decreases ;
Hour creeps with lazy pace on hour, —
A shuddering, cold sensation on me seizes,
This unsubstantial silence's dread power.
As far round as my vision can survey,
No form I see; he leaves me to despair a prey.

Hard by, like purling floods which dams restrain,
I hear the city's noisy, swarming host ;
Far off resounds the everlasting main ,
Its hollow breakers beating on the coast.
How small I feel in this stupendous scene,
Where fear on me its fury doth exhaust, —
Like yonder leaf, that from its branch is cast,
I lose myself in space immeasurably vast.

Why have I left my quiet cell? There still
I lived without desires, and sorrowless!
My heart was tranquil as the meadow-rill,

Of wishes void, not poor in happiness.
I now am at the world's gigantic will;
The waves of life about me closely press;
All earlier ties my hand hath sever'd now,
Confiding in a pledge, a light and transient vow.

Oh! where were my senses?
What have I done?
Hath maddening illusion
Laid hold of my mind?

The veil I have rent
Of maiden restraint;
Have broke through the doors of the sanctified cell!
Am I snared by some blinding enchantment of hell?
I follow this man,
The fearless seducer in criminal flight.

Oh come, my beloved!
Where dost thou tarry? Deliver, deliver
My combating soul! I am gnaw'd by repentance,
Its tortures assail me.
Oh come, and recomfort my heart!

And should I not be his, the only one
Of all the world who link'd himself to me?
Exposed to life, ere life had scarce begun,
Was I, was by relentless destiny
(I dare not raise the veil about me thrown)
Torn from my mother's lap in infancy.
I saw but once the form that gave me birth,
And like a dream it quickly vanish'd from the earth.

Thus still I grew up on that spot sedate,
Engirt by shadows in life's glowing year,
— And lo! *he* stood before the convent's gate,
Of manly mien, and beauty of another sphere.
No words my feelings can delineate!
A stranger from as strange a world drew near,
As if it ever had been so, and twined
At once that union, which no mortal can unbind.

O thou who gav'st me birth! forgive that I,
Anticipating the appointed hour,
Despotically chose my destiny.
It sought out *me*; not such my willing choice;
The God could penetrate the firm-barr'd door;

And he hath found the way to Perseus' tower.
The demon loses not his sacrifice.
Though chain'd on promontories bleak and hoar,
Or those Atlantian pillars which upbear
The heavens, a swift-wing'd steed would overtake
it there.

To dive into the past I seek no more,
Nor wish myself to any home removed;
To Love, full confidence I render o'er;
What's sweeter than to love and be beloved?
With this my lot I deem myself most blest,
The knowledge of life's other joys I ne'er possess.

Ye authors of my days, to whom I owe
Life's debt, I know you not, nor seek to know,
From him I love if you would sever me.
I still a problem to myself will be;
I know enough, I live for *thee*!

(attentive.)

Hark, his voice salutes my ear!
— No, the echo 'tis I hear,
And the ocean's hollow roar,

As it breaks along the shore, —
Tis not my beloved!
Why delays he so? Alas!
O'er me ice-cold tremours pass!
Ever deeper
Sink the sunbeams! Ever lonelier
Seems the garden! Ever heavier
Grows my heart — why comes he not?

(she walks about with disquietude.)

Never from these walls secure, —
Never will I venture more.
Chilly trembling seized me
Lately, in the nearest church
As I dared to set my foot,
Which I could not then resist,
At the call to evening prayer,
Driven by a mighty force
From the spirit's deepest source,
On the holy place to kneel,
To the Deity to pray.

Should some spy have noticed me?
Full of enemies the world;
Cunning hath on every way
Snare extended, to betray
Righteous and unguarded purity.
Horror-struck I found this, when
From the convent's bounds I once
Ventured, with a sinful mind,
'Mid the multitudes of men.
Twas upon that solemn night,
At the Prince's burial-rite,
For my boldness well I paid;
But a God then lent me aid —
There, with eyes that flame appear'd,
And with glances which I fear'd,
Came the youthful stranger to me,
Looks that pierced unto my heart,
And convulsed each vital part —
Still a cold fear quivers through me,
As I now recall that time!
Never, never can I brook

In my lover's eyes to look,
Conscious of this secret crime!

(listening.)

Sounds in the garden!
Tis he, the beloved
Himself! No delusion
Deceives now my ear.
They near, increase!
Within his arms!
Upon his breast!

*(She hastens with open arms towards the centre
of the garden, Don Cesar meets her.)*

DON CESAR. BEATRICE. CHORUS.

BEATRICE.

(retreating in terror.)

Alas! what do I see!

(the chorus enters at the same moment.)

DON CESAR.

All beauteous being,

Fear nothing!

(to the chorus.)

Back to more respectful distance —
The rude appearance of your arms affrights
The tender virgin!

(to Beatrice.)

Fear not! Modesty
And beauty are to me inviolable.

(The chorus retires. He approaches and takes her hand.)

Where hast thou been? What God snatch'd thee
away —

So long conceal'd thee? I have sought, inquired
For thee; awake or dreaming, thou wert still
The undivided feeling of my heart,
Since at the Prince's burial I beheld
Thee first, the apparition of an angel —
Nor did the power which overcame my heart
Continue long a mystery to thee.
My fiery glances and my faltering lips,
The hand, which trembled when in thine, betray'd
it —

The place's stern solemnity alone
Forbade a bolder declaration then.

— The high mass summon'd me to prayer, and when
I rose from kneeling, unto thee my glance
Was instantly directed, thou wert gone;
But with the bonds of an almighty spell
Drew after thee my heart and all its powers.
Unceasingly I've sought thee since that hour,
At every palace's and church's porch;
I spread a net of watchful spies about,
In every open, every secret spot
Where Innocence might venture to be seen;
But reap'd no harvest for my labour till
This day, when, guided by some deity,
The spies discover'd thee in yonder church.

*(here Beatrice, who all the while had stood trembling
and averted, exhibits stronger indications of
terror.)*

I have thee, and the soul shall sooner quit
The limbs, ere I will part with thee again!
And that I straight may make my fortune sure,
And arm myself against a demon's envy,

Before these witnesses I now address
Thee as my consort, and in pledge thereof,
Thus tender thee the right hand of a knight.

(he presents her to the Chorus.)

I care not who thou art — I seek but *thee* —
I ask no further. That thy soul is pure
As thy descent, thy first look answer'd and
Assured me; nay, if thou wert lowly born —
The lowest — still but thou should'st be my love,
For I have lost both liberty and choice.

That thou may'st know too whether I am lord
Of my own actions, and placed high enough
In this world, with strong arm to elevate
The girl I love to what I am, I need
But breathe my name. — It is Don Cesar speaks;
None greater can Messina's city boast.

(Beatrice shrinks back, he observes it and continues after a short pause.)

I prize thy modest silence and amazement;
Bashful humility's the crown of charms,
For beauty is a secret to itself,

And shrinks affrighted at its power. — I leave
Thee for awhile alone, to calm thy mind:
Both novelty and fortune will alarm.

(to the Chorus.)

Bestow on her the honours of my bride —
She is so from this moment, and your princess!
Inform her of the greatness of her rank.
I will return anon, to lead her home,
Becoming me, and as is due to her.

(exit.)

BEATRICE AND THE CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hail to thee, virgin,
Beautiful princess!
Thine is the crown,
Thine is the triumph!
Thee I salute,
As the preserver of
This generation,
Blooming, young mother of heroes to come!

Hail to thee thrice!
With prosperous tokens,
Happy one, enter
A dwelling protected by gods,
Hung around with the garlands of Fame,
Where the sceptre of gold, in continual line,
From the forefather descends to his sons.

The sound of thy footsteps
Will gladden the gods of the house,
The lofty, the serious,
Reverenced old ones.
On the threshold
Young Hebe will welcome thy coming,
And the golden Victoria,
The goddess who hovers
Over the hand of Omnipotence,
Ever extending her pinions to conquest.

The chaplet of beauty
Never shall vanish
From this generation,
One princess departing

Hands to the other
Modesty's veil,
And the girdle of grace.
But I live to behold
What is loveliest of all,
For the bloom of the daughter I see,
Ere the bloom of the mother hath faded.

BEATRICE

(awaking from her terror.)

Ah me! In what hands
Hath misfortune thrown me!
Least of any
Living beings
Into these should I have fallen!

Now I comprehend the terror,
The mysterious horror
That with shivering seized me,
When I heard the name of
This terrific race,
Which destructively abhors itself,
Which, exasperated 'gainst

Its own members, madly raves!
I have ofttimes trembling heard
Of the brothers' serpent-enmity,
Now relentless fate
Plunges me, the wretched, helpless!
In the whirlpool of their hate, —
Into their calamity!

(she retreats into the summer-house.)

CHORUS.

Much I envy the son of the gods,
The successful enjoyer of power!
What is most sumptuous is ever his portion,
And from all that is lofty and splendid,
Most regarded by mortals, 'tis he,
Gathers the flower for himself.

Of the pearls which the diver collects,
He for himself still the purest selects.
From the winnings of general labour,
For the monarch the best is reserved.
His is the fairest for certain; by lots,
Still must the servants decidé.

And yet *one* is his costliest jewel,
Every other advantage be his,
More than all things I envy him *that*,
For he leads home the flower of the women,
Her, the delight and the joy of all eyes,
Her he possesses alone.

With his falchion the sea-robber leaps
On the coast in his midnight attack,
And he bears off both women and men,
Gratifying his wild inclinations, —
But the loveliest he dareth not touch:
She appertains to the king.

Follow, companions, the entrance to guard,
And the threshold of hallowed space,
That no novice our mystery pierce,
So the Prince shall commend us, to whom
He hath intrusted, of all that he hath,
Even the costliest gem.

(*The Chorus withdraws to the background.
The scene changes to a chamber in the interior of
the palace.*)

DONNA ISABELLA STANDING BETWEEN
DON MANUEL AND DON CESAR.

ISABELLA.

The wish'd for festal day has dawn'd at length —
I now behold my childrens' hearts cemented,
As easily as I unite their hands,
And in the social circle, for the first time,
Their happy mother may reveal her heart.
Far distant is the rude and noisy crowd
Of witnesses, who stood between us arm'd
For combat — now no longer does the clang
Of steel affright mine ear, and like the owl's
Nocturnal brood, from some vast town by fire
Laid waste, where undisturb'd for ages it
Had nested in hereditary right,
Flies upwards in dark swarm, obscuring day,
Soon as the long exiled inhabitants
Return, with merry shouts, to reconstruct
Their shatter'd dwellings, so the olden Hate
With its attendants squinting Grudge, pale Envy,
And hollow-eyed Suspicion through these gates

Fly muttering into hell, while Union, Peace
And social Confidence come smiling in.

(she pauses.)

— 'Tis not sufficient, that to-day bestows
On each a brother; it hath likewise born
A sister unto you. — Ye stand amazed?
Ye look on me with wonder? Yes, my sons!
'Tis time to break my silence, — to remove
The seal that long hath closed a mystery.
— I also bore a daughter to your father; —
You have a younger sister living — her
You shall embrace this very day.

DON CESAR.

What, mother?

We have a sister, and yet never heard
That sister mention'd!

DON MANUEL.

In the days of our
Glad infancy we heard that one was born;
But in the cradle, it was said, she died.

ISABELLA.

The rumour lies! She lives!

DON CESAR.

She lives, and this conceal'd from us by thee?

ISABELLA.

I will account for my long secrecy.

Hear, what in earlier time was sown, and now
Shall ripen to a rich, abundant harvest.

— Ye still were tender boys, yet strife already
(Oh, may it ne'er return!) divided you,
And heap'd up sorrow on your parents' hearts.
One day your father dream'd a wondrous dream.
Two laurel-trees appear'd to spring from forth
His nuptial bed, the branches of the one
The branches of the other close intertwining —
Between then grew a lily — this became
As fire, which seizing on their heavy boughs
And on the timbers with a crackling sound
Spread fearfully, and rapidly the house
In one enormous sheet of flame devour'd.

Alarm'd, your father ask'd an Arab seer,
His oracle, to whom his heart leant more

That I could wish, the import of his dream.
The Arab thus explain'd it: if my womb
Should bear a daughter, she would slay his sons
And him; — through her should perish all my
race —

And I *became* the mother of a girl;
Your father gave the horrible command,
To cast the new-born babe into the sea.
I frustrated his barbarous intent
And saved my daughter, aided by the dumb
Fidelity of one domestic.

DON CESAR.

Blest be
The hand that lent thee succour in thy need!
A mother's love lacks no advice!

ISABELLA.

'Twas not
The strong voice of maternal tenderness
Alone persuaded me to spare the child.
I also had a strange, prophetic dream,
While, with that daughter, still my womb was blest:

I saw an infant, fair as the God of Love,
Disporting in the grass, and all at once
There came a lion from the forest, holding
Fresh captured booty in his jaws, and fawning
He dropt it in that infant's lap.
And from the air an eagle downward swoop'd,
A trembling roc-buck in his claws, and fondling
Placed it in that infant's lap, and both
The lion and the eagle peaceably
Lay down together at that infant's feet.
— The meaning of my dream, a monk resolved,
A goldly man, from whom my heart advice
And comfort found in every earthly ill.
He said: »I should give birth unto a daughter,
»Who would unite my sons' contentious minds
»With burning love.« — I treasured in my soul
These words; confiding rather in the god
Of truth than that of falsehood, — her I saved,
Heaven's promise and the child of blessing,
To be one day the instrument of Peace,
Whene'er your growing hatred should augment.

DON MANUEL

(embracing his brother.)

No sister is required to weave the band
Of Love, yet she shall render it more firm.

ISABELLA:

And thus I left her in a covert spot,
Far distant from mine eyes, brought up mysteriously,
By strangers' hands; — denying to myself
The very sight of her sweet countenance,
So ardently desired, for still I fear'd
Your rigid father, who at all times gnaw'd
By dark suspicion and tormenting doubt,
Had planted numerous spies to watch my steps.

DON CESAR.

It is already three months that the grave
Conceals our father — what prevented thee,
O mother, bringing to the light of day
The long secreted one, to gladden us?

ISABELLA.

What but your unhappy difference,
Which burning on with violence unquench'd,
Even at the grave of your scarce lifeless father,
No room for reconciliation gave?
Betwixt your unsheath'd weapons, could I place
Your sister? Would ye in that hurricane
Have listen'd to a mother's voice? And should
I *her*, the precious pledge of Peace, the last
And sacred anchor of my hopes, untimely
Have hazarded amidst your frantic rage?
— Ye must have learnt each other to regard
As brethren, ere between you I could place
Your sister as the angel of sweet concord.
I *now* may do so, and will lead her forth.
I have despatch'd the old domestic, and
Each hour await his coming; — he will snatch
Her from her calm retreat, convey her here,
Unto her mother's breast and brothers' arms.

DON MANUEL.

And she is not the only one whom thou
To-day shalt fold on thy maternal breast.

Joy enters in at every several gate;
The desolated palace fills itself,
And will become the seat of blooming grace.
— My secret now, o mother, likewise hear!
Thou givest me a sister — in return
I will bestow on thee a second daughter.
Let fall thy benediction on thy son! —
This heart hath freely chosen; I have found
Her, who shall be companion of my days.
Before the setting of the sun, I will
Conduct Don Manuel's consort to thy feet.

ISABELLA.

And fondly I will clasp her to my breast,
Who makes my first-born glad; joy on her path
Shall spring up, every flower that graces life,
And every blessing shall reward my son,
For giving me a mother's fairest crown!

DON CESAR.

Oh, lavish not the fulness of thy blessing
But on thy first-born! If love be a blessing,
I bring a daughter too, that merits such

A parent, who hath taught me love's new feeling.
Before the sun now shining shall have set,
Don Cesar will conduct to thee his bride.

DON MANUEL.

Divine, almighty Love! well art thou call'd
The queen of Spirits! Every element
Submits to thee, thou'rt able to unite
Even things at fiercest variance; nothing breathes
That owns not thy supremacy, thou too
Hast overcome the brothers' wild intent,
Which till this hour continued unsubdued.

(embracing Don Cesar.)

Replete with trust and hope I now embrace thee;
I banish every doubt, since thou canst love.

ISABELLA.

Thrice blessed be this day to me, at once
Removing from my heavy-laden breast
Anxiety and anguish — based upon
Unskaken pillars I behold my race,
And with a tranquil and contented mind

May look down into Time's immensity.
It was but yesterday I saw myself
In widow's veil, like one secluded, lone
And childless in these desolated halls,
And lo! to-day will stand beside me three
Fair daughters, in the prime of youth.
Where in that mother, let her show herself,
The happiest woman that e'er yet gave birth,
Who can compare herself with me in splendour!
— But say, what Prince's royal daughters bloom
Upon our frontiers, and of whom I ne'er
Have heard — my sons could not ignobly choose!

DON MANUEL.

To-day, if but to-day, oh ask me not
To lift the veil which screens my happiness!
The time draws near, that must unravel all.
My bride may best announce herself; of this
Be certain, thou shalt find her full of worth.

ISABELLA.

His father's spirit and his father's caprice,
My first-born son discovers! *He* would spin

At all times secretly within himself ,
And keep his resolutions in his mind
Most inaccessible, and firmly closed!
I grant thee readily such brief delay;
But my son Cesar I am confident
Will name to me the daughter of a king.

DON CESAR.

I am not wont to be mysterious, mother.
As frank, as open as my countenance,
I bear my thoughts; yet what you seek to know,
That, mother — let me honestly confess,
I have not yet demanded of myself.
Do we inquire, from whence the sun hath fire?
What lightens the whole world, explains itself;
Its light attests, that it descends from light.
I look'd into my bride's pure shining eyes,
And in the deep recesses of her heart,
I know the pearl by its unsullied lustre;
And yet, I cannot tell to thee their names.

ISABELLA.

What do I hear? My son, explain thy words!
Too promptly thou hast trusted to the first

Strong impulse, as it were a heavenly voice.
I might suspect in thee some hasty deed
Of youth; but nothing childish — let me hear
What hath induced thy choice.

DON CESAR.

Choice, mother? Is
It choice, when in a moment big with fate,
Some planet's influence overtakes us mortals?
I went not forth to seek a bride, so vain
A thought could scarcely have engaged my mind
While standing in the sanctuary of the dead;
For there I found her, whom I did not seek.
Most insignificant I always held
The idle and loquacious sex; for I
Have nowhere seen a second like to thee,
Whom as the image of a god I reverence.
It was my father's solemn funeral;
We both assisted there, as well thou know'st,
Disguised, unnoticed in the multitude;
For thou hadst wisely so ordain'd, that our
Inveterate contention, breaking out,

Might not disgrace the honour of that rite.
— The church's nave was hung with sable cloth,
Around the altar twenty genii stood,
Each bearing in his hand a torch, on high
The coffin elevated rested there,
And over it was thrown the white-cross'd pall;
On this, the coronet and sceptre lay,
With knightly ornaments, the golden spurs,
And sword with shoulder-belt of diamonds.
— And all in mute devotion knelt, unseen
Then on a sudden from the lofty choir
The organ peal'd forth, and a hundred voices
Began the hymn — while still its sounds were heard,
The coffin sank, together with the ground
Which bore it, slowly to the nether world,
The wide spread pall conceal'd the aperture,
And on the earth the earthly decorations
Remain'd behind, *not* following him that sank —
But on the hymn's seraphic wings, above
The liberated spirit soar'd, in heaven
To seek the lap of Mercy, — I recall
These things to thy remembrance, mother! all

Describing accurately, that thou mayst
Determine, whether at such mournful time
A worldly longing harbour'd in my heart.
And even that sorrowful and solemn hour
Was chosen by the Ruler of my days,
To touch me with the ray of love. But, *how*
It happen'd, fruitlessly I ask myself.

ISABELLA.

Conclude however! Let me hear the whole!

DON CESAR.

From whence she came, and how she found her way
To me, inquire not — as I turn'd mine eyes,
She stood beside me, and her nearness seized
Upon my soul with power miraculous.
'Twas not the sweet allurement of her smile,
The magic charms that dwelt upon her cheek,
No, nor the splendour of her heavenly form —
It was her deepest and most secret life,
Laid hold of me with superhuman force;
As inconceivably as works as spell —
Our souls, without the sound of words, without

A medium, spiritually seem'd to touch,
Even as my breathing mix'd itself with hers;
She was unknown to me, yet cordially
Betroth'd, and all at once a light broke in
Upon my brain; 'tis *she*, or none on earth!

DON MANUEL

(interrupting him, with fervour.)

That is the beam of pure and holy love,
Which strikes into the soul, and touching, kindles,
When hearts congenial with congenial meet;
There is no choosing nor resisting then;
What heaven cements, no mortal can untie.
— I side with him, and must commend his choice;
He but recounts my own strange destiny,
And happily hath lifted up the veil
From feelings, which obscurely quicken me.

ISABELLA.

I well perceive, that Destiny will lead
My children in her own unbiass'd course.
The mighty torrent rushes from the mountains
It hollows out its bed and makes its way,

Regarding not the measured path which Prudence
Considerately plans and forms for it.

I therefore yield, how can I otherwise?

Some deity's ungovernable hand

In darkness spins the fortunes of my house.

Your hearts, my children, are my hope's sole pledge ;

Your sentiments are noble, as your birth.

DON CESAR. CHORUS.

DON CESAR (*more composed*).

I practise for the last time kingly power,

To render to the earth these dear remains ;

Such are the final honours of the dead.

Then hear the firm decision of my will,

And see it accurately done — ye hold

The mournful office fresh in memory ,

For 'tis not long since to its sepulchre

You bore your prince's body. Scarcely hath

The voice of wailing ceased within these walls,

One corse doth thrust the other in the grave ,

One torch beside another may be lit,
And on this flight of steps the several trains
Of mourners almost meet. —

Then order forth a solemn, funeral rite,
Most private let it be, with portals closed,
Even in the castle's chapel, which inshrines
My father's dust; — be all enacted as
Afore.

CHORUS.

With speedy hand it will be done,
O sire! — erected stands the catafalk,
A monument of that solemnity;
No hand hath touch'd the edifice of death.

DON CESAR.

'Twas not a happy presage, that the grave
Stood open in the mansion of the living.
How came it, that the scaffold should remain
Unbroken after its accomplish'd use?

CHORUS.

The careful times and your ill-fated strife,
Which subsequently kindled into war,

Dividing all Messina, drew our eyes
From off the dead, and desolate and shut
The sanctuary hath remain'd.

DON CESAR.

Then promptly to the work! This very night,
The midnight business must be finish'd; so,
To-morrow's sun shall find the dwelling pure
From crimes, and shine upon a joyful race.

(exit second Chorus, bearing the body of Don Manuel.)

FIRST CHORUS.

Shall I convoke the brotherhood of monks,
That they, according to the church's usage,
The requiem may perform, with sacred psalms
Consign the buried to eternal rest?

DON CESAR.

Their pious songs may sound about our tomb
For endless ages by the tapers' gleam:
Their sacred care is needed not to-day —
The bloody murder scares whate'er is holy.

CHORUS.

Resolve upon no violence, o sire!
Rage not against thyself with desperate deed!
For there is none on earth can punish thee,
And penitence buys off the wrath of Heaven.

DON CESAR.

No, none can either judge or punish me;
I therefore must inflict such punishment
Upon myself! Full well I know, that Heaven
Will sacrifice of penitence accept;
But blood can only expiate for blood.

CHORUS.

— Much rather you should strive to stay the floods
Of sorrow that are storming on your house,
And not pile woe on woe.

DON CESAR.

The ancient curse,
Which haunts the house, by dying I unloose.
Free death can only snap the chain of Fate.

CHORUS.

To be a sovereign to this orphan'd land,
Thou art in duty bound, the more so, since
Thou hast deprived it of its other ruler.

DON CESAR.

I first absolve my debt unto the gods,
The gods of death; another deity
May for the living afterwards provide.

CHORUS.

Where'er the sun enlightens, hope also dwells;
From death is nothing to be gain'd! Reflect
On't well!

DON CESAR.

Do thou reflect, and silently, —
Upon thy menial charge! Let me obey
The Spirit, who so fearfully impels me!
For in my soul no happy one can pry.
And though in me thou doth not reverence
The monarch, dread the criminal, on whom
The heaviest malediction weighs! Respect

Misfortune's head, held sacred by the gods —
The man who hath experienced what I feel
And suffer, renders no account to mortals.

DONNA ISABELLA. DON CESAR.
CHORUS.

ISABELLA

(enters with a hesitating step, and casts doubtful glances on Don Cesar. At length she approaches him and speaks with collected voice.)

Mine eyes should never more have look'd on thee,
I vow'd so in the agony of grief;
But all determinations melt in air,
A mother makes, unnaturally fired
Against the language of her heart. — My son!
A melancholy rumour drives me forth
The lonely habitation of my mourning —
Shall I accredit it? Can it be true,
That one day will bereave me of two sons?

CHORUS.

Firm-minded you see him, determined to pass
With fearless, free step through the portals of Death.
Oh try! essay thou the influence of blood, —
A mother's entreaties! I've spoken in vain.

ISABELLA.

— Those imprecations I recall, which I
Invoked from heaven on thy beloved head
But in the blindfold frenzy of despair.
A mother cannot curse her bosom's child,
The child she bore in pain. Heaven doth not hear
Such supplications; ponderous with tears,
They fall back from its pure and glittering vault.
— Oh, live my son! I rather will behold
The one child's murderer, than weep for both.

DON CESAR.

Not well hast thou consider'd, mother, what
Thou wishest, for thyself and me — my place
No more can be amongst the living — yea,
If thou couldst bear that god-detested sight,

The murderer — I could not, mother, bear
The mute reproach of thy incessant grief.

ISABELLA.

Reproach shall never yield thee pain, no loud
Nor mute complaining cut thee to the heart.
In gradual melancholy grief shall wear
Itself away. We will together mourn
The sad calamity, lament and cloak
The crime.

DON CESAR

(taking hold of her hand, with milder voice.)

Thou wilt so, mother. So 'twill be.
In gradual melancholy grief shall wear
Itself away — then, when one sepulchre
Enclose the murderer and murder'd, when
One stone bends o'er the ashes of us both,
For then the heavy curse will be disarm'd —
Thy sons no longer be distinguishable;
The tears those lovely eyes shall shed, to one
As to the other will be then; Death is
A mighty mediator. Quench'd are then

The flames of anger, hatred is appeased,
While Pity, like a weeping sister's form,
Reclines with soft embrace upon the urn.
Mother, withhold me not, for I descend
To expiate a fatal malediction.

ISABELLA.

All Christendom is rich in images
Of wonder, and by wandering after such,
A heart tormented may procure repose.
Full many a weighty burden is cast down
Beneath Loretto's roof, and heavenly strength
Respires about the *Holy Sepulchre*,
To cleanse the world from sin. Great influence have
The prayers of pious men; abundant store
Of merit's theirs, and where the murderous deed
Was perpetrated, on the very spot
A purifying temple can arise.

DON CESAR.

The arrow may be pluck'd from out the heart —
The wound will never heal. Live, he who can,
A life of penitence, through penances .

Severe, atoning for eternal guilt —
I, mother, cannot live with broken heart.
I must behold the joyous joyously,
Must grapple in the air with spirit free —
By envy were my days empoison'd, while
We both partook of thy maternal love.
Think'st thou, I can endure the preference,
With over me thy sorrow gives to him?
In his imperishable palace, Death
Has power to purify mortality
Into a diamond of the truest virtue,
Obliterating every flaw of frail
Humanity. As distant as the stars
Are from the earth, will he be raised o'er me,
And if an ancient jealousy in life
Divided us while equal brethren, so
'Twill restless gnaw my heart, since he hath won
Eternity from me, and roams beyond
All discord, in the minds of men a god.

ISABELLA.

And have I call'd you to Messina, but
To bury both! I here invited you

For reconciliation; cruel fate
Still counteracts my fairest hopes!

DON CESAR.

Rebuke
Not, o my mother, the conclusion! All
Will be accomplish'd, as hath been decreed.
We enter'd once these doors with hopes of peace,
And peacefully we shall together sleep,
For ever reconciled, in Death's abode.

ISABELLA.

Oh live, my son! Abandon not thy mother,
Most unbefriended, on a foreign soil,
To rude and hardy insolence exposed,
Because her sons no longer can protect her.

DON CESAR.

When all the world cold-hearted shall insult thee,
Fly to our sepulchre, and straight invoke
The deity of thy departed sons;
For gods we shall be then, and we will hear thee,
And as the Twins of heaven are on the deep

A constellation to the mariner,
Be near thee, and support and nerve thy soul.

ISABELLA.

Live, o my son! For thy mother live!
How can I bear to be bereaved of all!

(she twines her arms about him with affectionate violence; he gently disengages himself, and holds out his hand to her with averted countenance.)

DON CESAR.

Farewell!

ISABELLA.

Alas, full painfully I feel,
A mother's prayers are thrown away on thee!
Is there no other voice, which mightier still
Than mine, can penetrate into thy heart?

(she goes to the entrance of the scene.)

Come forth my daughter! If his lifeless brother
Possess such power to draw him in the grave,
Perchance his sister, the beloved, may

Allure him in the sun's light back again,
With magic glow and pleasant hopes of life.

BEATRICE (*appears at the entrance of the scene*). DONNA ISABELLA. DON CESAR
AND THE CHORUS.

DON CESAR

(*at the sight of her is violently affected, and covers himself.*)

O mother! mother! what hast thou contrived?

ISABELLA (*leading her forward*).

His mother has entreated him in vain;
Do thou conjure, — implore him still to live.

DON CESAR.

Too crafty mother! Thou canst prove me thus!
Back in the combat wilt thou thrust me? make
The sun's effulgence dearer to mine eyes,
When on my road to everlasting night?
— Before me, with prevailing force, stands Life's
Fair angel, and pours out a thousand flowers,
A thousand golden fruits, all streaming from

A rich and plenteous horn, all breathing life;
The heart climbs in the warm beams of the sun,
And in the deaden'd breast the hope and love
Of life awakes.

ISABELLA.

Beseech him, unto thee
Or none will he give ear, that of our staff,
Our last support, he rob not thee and me.

BEATRICE.

The dead demands a sacrifice;
This he shall have — let me, o mother, be
That sacrifice! I was foredoom'd to death,
Ere I saw life. The curse, which persecutes
This house, claims me; a robbery on heaven
Is my existence. I 'twas murder'd him,
I roused the slumbering furies of your feud, —
And it is meet I reconcile his shade!

CHORUS.

Sorrow-burden'd mother! forward press
All thy children, emulous of death,

Leaving thee in dark and joyless life,
Unbefriended, hopeless and alone.

BEATRICE.

Spare, o my brother, thy beloved head!
Live, for thy mother live! She needs her son;
'Twas but to-day she found a daughter, and
Can scarcely feel the loss of her she ne'er
Possess'd.

DON CESAR

(with deeply wounded soul.)

Mother, we may or live or die,
So she unites herself with her beloved!

BEATRICE.

And enviest thou thy brother's lifeless dust?

DON CESAR.

He liveth in thy grief a blessed life;
Dead I shall be for ever by the dead.

BEATRICE.

O brother!

DON CESAR

(expressive of the strongest passion.)

Sister, dost thou weep for me?

BEATRICE.

Live for our mother's sake!

DON CESAR

(dropping her hand, and stepping back.)

The mother's! —

BEATRICE *(bending on his breast.)*

Live

For *her*, and be thy sister's comforter.

CHORUS.

She hath subdued! He could no more resist

The soft entreaties which the sister made.

Unhappy parent! entertain new hopes;

He chooses life, to thee thy son remains!

(at this moment a choral song is heard, and the folding-doors expand; a raised catafalk is seen is the church, and a coffin surrounded with lights.)

DON CESAR (*turning towards the coffin.*)

No, brother! Of thy sacrifice I will
Not rob thee — from the coffin calls thy voice,
More strongly urgent than a mother's tears,
And mightier than the prayer of love — I hold
Within my arms, whatever on this earth
Can make existence as the lot of gods —
But I — shall I, the murderer, be blest?
Thy hallow'd innocence lie unrevenged
Within the silent sepulchre? — Such may
The equitable Ruler of our days
Prevent, — such distribution in his world! —
I have beheld tears flow for me as well;
My heart is satisfied, I follow thee.

*(he stabs himself with a dagger, and slowly sinks
down from his sister, who throws herself into
the arms of her mother.)*

CHORUS

(after a deep silence.)

Struck with astonishment I stand, nor know,
Or whether to bewail or praise his lot.

Yet this I clearly comprehend and feel:
However life be *not* the greatest good,
The greatest of calamities is *guilt*.

The translator would be guilty of unpardonable ingratitude, should he close this translation, without acknowledging the deep obligations he is under to his inestimable friend Doctor D'Alquen of Muhlheim on the Rhine, for his manifold assistance in elucidating and explaining difficult passages therein; if the translation possess any merit whatever, the merit is his, — to him be every encomium paid!

C. H.

S C E N E S

FROM

F A U S T ,

A TRAGEDY

BY

G Æ T H E .

NIGHT.

A lofty, narrow, vaulted, gothic chamber; FAUST, much disquieted, is seated before a desk.

FAUST.

Philosophy, Law, Medecine,
And to my sorrow too Theology!
With ardent pains I've studied through —
And here I stand, a wretched fool!
Am just as wise as heretofore;
Master of Arts, even doctor I am styled,
And up and down, oblique and curved,
For ten long years have dragg'd about
My pupils by the nose —
And see we can know nothing!
'Twill sheer consume my heart.
'Tis true, I am more sapient than the fops,
Masters of Arts, doctors, clerks and parsons;
I am plagued by no scruple nor doubt,

Fear neither devil nor hell —
For that, all my joy too is gone.
I deem not I know what is worth being known,
Nor believe there is aught I could teach
To convert or to better mankind.
I have neither possessions nor coin,
Nor honour and pomp of the world;
No dog would desire to prolong such a life!
And therefore I have turn'd my mind to magic,
To try, through Spirits' might and Spirits' voice,
If many a mystery may not be learnt;
That I no longer, with laborious sweat,
Need utter what I do not comprehend;
That I may know what keeps the inner world
Together, may behold all operating powers
And seeds, and deal no more in words.

Oh! mayst thou see, full shining moon,
My torments for the last time;
Thy rising I have watch'd for
Night after night before this desk:
Then, on volumes and on papers,

Sad friend, thou hast appear'd to me!
Ah! could I but on mountain-tops,
Wander in thy lovely light,
Round mountain-caves with Spirits hover,
On meadows in thy twilight move *);
Disburden'd of all qualms of knowledge, bathe
In thy salubrious dew!

Alas! and am I in this dungeon fix'd?
Accursed, dank, mural hole!
Where even the blessed light of heaven
Breaks dimly through the colour'd panes!
Confined by heaps of books,
Worm-eaten, dust-besmeared,
Which, to the very ceiling mount,
O'erhung with smoky paper;
Beset with vials, boxes,
With instruments stuff'd up,
Ancestral furniture cramm'd in —
This is thy world! and such we call a world!

*) The English language has no word to express the
poetical sense of the German „weben.“

And dost thou ask still, why thine anxious heart
Feels cramp'd within thy bosom?
Why anguish unexplain'd
Checks every motion of thy life?
Instead of animated nature,
Wherein the deity made man,
Mid fume and mould thou art engirt
By human bones and skeletons of beasts.

Up! Fly! Go, seek remotest lands!
And this mysterious book,
From Nostradamus's own hands,
Ist not companionship enough for thee?
And when thou art by Nature taught,
And understand'st the planets' course,
Thy soul, enlarging, then shall know
How Spirit speaks with Spirit.
In vain, dry meditation would explain
The sacred symbols unto thee.
Ye Spirits hovering near me,
Give answer, if ye hear me!
(he opens the volume, and observes the sign of
Macrocosmus.)

Ha! as I gaze, what rapture flows
At once through every sense!
The young, the holy joys of life I feel
Fresh glowing run through nerve and vein.
Was it a god who wrote this sign,
Which all internal raving calms, — with bliss,
Mysterious impulse, fills my wretched heart,
Around me here unveiling Nature's powers?
Am I a god? All seems to me so clear!
In these pure characters I view
The springs of Nature laid before my soul.
Now first I comprehend the wise man's words:
»The world of Spirits is not closed;
»Thy mind is shut, thy heart is dead!
»Rise, scholar, indefatigable bathe
»Thy earthly bosom in the dawn of morning!«

(he looks at the sign.)

How all unites and forms a whole;
One in the other works and lives!
How heavenly Powers arise and sink,
And each to each the golden bucket hands!

From heaven they pass through the earth
With pinions fragrant with blessing,
Their harmony pervades the universe!

Oh, what a scene! but ah! a scene alone! —
Where shall I seize thee, endless Nature?
Ye breasts, oh where? ye fountains of all life,
To which hang heaven and earth;
Towards you the wither'd bosom presses —
Ye flow, give drink, — and must I thirst in vain?

*(he turn over the leaves of the volume angrily, and
observes the sign of the Spirit of the earth.)*

How different operates this sign!
Thou, Spirit of the earth, art nearer me;
Already do I feel my strength increased,
Already glow as with new wine,
Feel fortitude to venture in the world,
To bear its sorrows and its joys,
To battle with the tempest,
Nor tremble in the shipwreck's crash, —
Clouds gather over me —
The moon withdraws her light —

The lamp burns dim!

Vapours rise! — Red beams flash round my head —

A shuddering from the vaulted roof descends

And fastens on me!

I feel that thou art near, invoked Spirit.

Disclose thyself!

Ha! what commotion's in my breast!

To new sensations

How every sense tumultuously awakens!

I feel that I am wholly at thy will!

Thou must! thou must! and though it cost my life!

*(he takes up the volume, and mysteriously pronounces
the sign of the Spirit. A reddish flame appears,
the SPIRIT is seen in the flame.)*

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUST *(turned away.)*

Dreadful apparition!

SPIRIT.

Thou hast attracted me with all thy power —

Thou, long time suckled on my sphere,

And now —

FAUST.

Horrible! I cannot bear thee!

SPIRIT.

With breathless longing thou hast pray'd, to view
My countenance, to hearken to my voice;
Thy fervent supplication wrought on me, —
Lo! here I am! — What' pitiful alarm
Lays hold of him that would be more than man!
Where, where is thy soul's vocation?
Where is the breast, which could create a world
Within itself, sustain and nourish it, which swoln
With transport would exalt itself to us?
Where art thou, Faust, whose voice I heard,
who hast

Exerted every spell to draw me here?
I' st thou? encompass'd by my stormy breath,
In every vital part thus shaken, —
A timorous, writhing worm!

FAUST.

Thou fiery figure, thy inferiour shall
I deem myself? That Faust am I, thine equal!

SPIRIT.

In the rivers of life,
In the tempest of deeds

I move up and down,
Wave to and fro!
Birth and death,
An endless sea,
A various weaving,
A glowing life;
Thus I create on Time's blustering loom,
Working the garb, living garb of the godhead.

FAUST.

Thou who dost wander round the spacious world,
How, busy Spirit, I am like to thee!

"SPIRIT."

Thou'rt like the Spirit thou conceivest,
Not me!

(disappearing.)

FAUST *(shrinking back.)*

Not thee?

Whom then?

I, the image of the godhead!

And not even like to thee!

(a knocking.)

O death! I know — that is my *famulus* —
Annihilated is my happiness!
That a dry, sneaking fellow should disturb
This plenitude of visions!

Wood and Cave.

FAUST (*alone.*)

Exalted Spirit! thou hast given me, given
Me all that I required. Thou hast not turn'd
On me thy fire-girt countenance in vain.
Thou gav'st me beauteous Nature as my realm,
And power to feel and to enjoy her. Not
To be her cold and wondering visitor
Alone hast thou permitted, but allow'd
Me in the deep recesses of her breast
To look, as in the bosom of a friend.
Mankind hast thou conducted in a row
Before my vision, and instructed me to know
My brethren in the quiet grot, in wave
And atmosphere. And when the tempest roars
And rattles in the wood, when giant firs
Are rent and falling crush their neighbouring stems,

While loud the hills reecho with their fall;
Then dost thou lead me to some shelter'd cave,
Show me unto myself, — and mysteries
Profound and secret open in my breast.
And if before my sight the lovely moon
Arise with all her soothing influence; then,
From rock and humid brake, the silver forms
Of pristine ages float up, and subdue
And temper contemplation's too severe delight.

That nothing can be perfect amongst men,
I now perceive. Thou gav'st beyond this joy,
Which brings me ever nearer to the gods,
Gav'st the companion, whom I can no more
Dispense with, though, coldhearted and con-
temptuous,
He lowers me in mine own esteem, and with
A single word, a breath, annuls thy gifts.
He diligently fans within my breast
A tameless passion for each beauteous form.
I reel from appetite unto enjoyment,
And in enjoyment thirst for appetite.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*enters.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast had enough of such a life?
How can it in the long run please?
'Tis well, to make the trial once;
Then afterwards to something fresh!

FAUST.

I would that thou hadst more to do,
Than thus to plague me on my better day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well well! I willingly would let you rest;
You dare not in good earnest tell me so.
In thee, associate keen, unkind and mad,
Is really little to be lost.
One has enough to do the livelong day!
What pleases him, or must be let alone,
One can't perceive on *monsieur's* nose.

FAUST.

That is precisely the right tone!
He also would have thanks for tiring me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor son of earth! without me,
How hadst thou pass'd thy days?
I've cured thee, for a while at least,
Of those same zigzags of imagination;
And were I not, thou long ago
Hadst march'd off from this globe.
Why thus in caverns, clefts of rocks
Sit moping like a hornowl?
Why, like a paddock, sip thy nutriment
From dripping stones and humid moss?
A fine, delightful pastime!
The doctor still adheres to thee.

FAUST.

Canst thou imagine, what new living strength
This wandering in the wilderness supplies?
Ay, couldst thou but conjecture, thou wert fiend
Enough to envy me my happiness.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A superhuman pleasure!
In night and dew to lie upon the mountains,
And earth and heaven deliciously embrace,

To let himself swell up unto a godhead,
To rummage in the bowels of the earth
With fierce misgivings,
The six days labour in his bosom feel,
In haughty strength I know not what enjoy,
Soon rapturously loving overflow,
The mortal wholly disappear'd,
And then the lofty intuition —

(with a gesture)

I dare not mention how — to finish.

FAUST.

Fy on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That does not suit you; as a wellbred man,
You have full right to utter fy.
Before chaste ears one must not name,
What chaste hearts can't dispense with.
And once for all, I grant him the enjoyment,
At times to lie unto himself;
Even that he cannot hold out long.
Thou art a second time repulsed,
And, longer should it last, wilt be consumed
In madness or alarm.

Suffice it then! Thy sweetheart sits within,
And fancies every thing so sad and tight.
Incessantly she thinks of thee,
Immoderately loves thee.
First came your raging passion overflowing,
From melting snow as overruns a brook;
You've pour'd it in her heart;
Your brooklet's once more shallow.
Methinks, instead of throning in the woods,
It might be better for the gentleman,
That poor, young, apish blood
To recompense for its affection.
The time hangs heavy on her hands;
She stands before the window, sees the clouds
Sail o'er the town's old walls.
•Were I a bird!« so runs her song
The livelong day, and half the night.
One moment she is merry, mostly sad,
One moment quite outwept,
Then calm again, as it appears; —
And still enamour'd.

FAUST.

Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside.*)

Ha! have I caught thee!

FAUST.

Reprobate! be gone,

And do not name that lovely woman!

Arouse not in my half bewildered mind

Again the appetite for her sweet body!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What would you then? She thinks you're fled
from her,

And partially you are already so.

FAUST.

Oh! I am near, and even were I remote,

I never can forget, nor live without her!

Yes, I begrudge the body of the Lord *)

Its contact with her lips.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Right good, my friend! I oft have envied you

The twins, which nestle under roses.

*) It is to be regretted that the poet should have introduced these two lines; however poetical, to the christian reader they are highly offensive.

FAUST.

Hence, pander!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fine! You rail and I must laugh.
The God who made both boys and girls,
Straight knew their noblest calling,
As well as to afford occasion.
Away, it is a vast misfortune!
To your sweetheart's chamber you shall go,
Not possibly to die!

FAUST.

What is celestial pleasure in her arms?
Oh, let me glow upon her breast!
Do I not always feel for her distress?
The fugitive, without a dwelling, am I not?
A monster, restless and without an aim?
Who, like a torrent, foams from rock to rock,
Ontrageously desirous of the gulph.
On one side she, with childish, simple mind,
Her cottage on the little alpine field,
And all her household works
Enclosed within that tiny world.

And I, the God-detested, not content
With having seized the rocks
And dash'd them into atoms!
Her, and her peace must I have undermined!
Must thou too, hell, have had this sacrifice!
Help, devil, to abridge the anxious hours!
What must be done, let it be quickly done!
May her fate fall on me as well,
And both together perish.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How it doth boil and burn again!
Go in and comfort her, thou fool!
Where such a noddle sees no passage out,
He instantly conceives his end.
Long live the man whose courage lasts!
Thou otherwise art pretty diabolical.
I know of nothing more insipid, than
A devil who despairs.

DUNGEON.

FAUST

*(before a small iron door, with a bunch of keys
and a lamp.)*

A sense of fear, I have not felt for long,

Creeps o'er me, all the misery of Man.

She dwells behind this humid wall;

Well-meant illusion was her crime!

Thou hesitatest to go unto her!

Thou tremblest to see her again!

On! Thy timid delay accelerates death.

(He takes hold of the padlock. A voice sings within.)

My mother, the w——,

Who destroy'd me!

My father, the rogue,

Who devour'd me!

My little sister *)

Collected the bones,

Within a cool place;

*) Of these equivocal lines in the original, the more decent interpretation has been given.

I then was a beautiful bird of the wood;
Fly away, fly away!

FAUST (*unlocking the door.*)

She deems not that her lover listens,
The rattling fetters hears, the rustling straw.

(*he enters.*)

MARGARET

(*concealing herself in the straw of her pallet.*)

Woe! Woe! They come. O bitter death!

FAUST (*softly.*)

Hush! hush! I come to set thee free.

MARGARET (*crawling towards him.*)

If thou art human, feel for my distress.

FAUST.

Thy shrieks will rouse the watch!

(*he takes hold of the chains, to unfasten them.*)

MARGARET (*on her knees.*)

Who, headsman, gave to thee

Such power o'er me!

Thou'rt come to fetch me at the midnight hour.

Have pity, let me live!

Is break of day not soon enough?

(*rising.*)

Still young, so young am I —
And must already die!
I too was fair, which was my ruin.
Near was the friend, he now is far away;
Torn lies the garland, the flowers are scatter'd.
Hold me not so roughly!
Spare me! Have I injured thee?
In vain, oh let me not implore, —
I never gazed on thee before!

FAUST.

Can I endure such wretchedness!

MARGARET.

I am completely in thy power.
Let me but suckle first my child.
I've fondled it the whole night long;
To vex me they have taken it from me,
And now declare that I destroy'd it.
I never shall be happy — never more!
Songs they sing on me! 'Tis wicked of them!
So ends an ancient tale;
Who ask'd them to explain it?

FAUST (*casting himself at her feet.*)

A lover's at thy feet,
To burst the bondage of thy misery.

MARGARET (*throwing herself upon him.*)

Oh! let us kneel, and call upon the saints!
Lo! under yon steps,
Under the threshold
Hell boileth up!
The Evil one,
Enraged,
Makes a terrible din!

FAUST (*aloud.*)

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*attentive.*)

That was the voice of the friend!

(*She leaps up. The chains fall off.*)

Where is he? I heard him call.

I am free! None shall detain me.

I will hasten to his arms,

Will lie on his breast!

He call'd Margaret! He stood on the threshold,
Mid all the howling and gnashing of hell,

Mid the furious, devilish jeer,
Well I knew the sweet tones of his voice.

FAUST.

It is I!

MARGARET.

Thou! Oh say so once again!

(taking hold of him.)

'Tis he! 'Tis he! Where is all pain?
The terror of the dungeon, where?
'Tis thou! and come to rescue me!
I am rescued! —

Again the street I see,
In which I saw thee first;
The pleasant garden,
Where I and Martha wait for thee.

FAUST *(endeavouring to go.)*

Come away! Come away!

MARGARET.

Oh stay!

So willingly I tarry where thou art.

(caressing.)

FAUST.

Hasten!
Or thy delay,
Will cost us dear.

MARGARET.

What? thou canst no longer kiss?
It is so short a time since we did part,
And hast thou, friend, forgotten how to kiss?
Why do I tremble on thy neck?
When formerly thy words, thy looks
Were heaven to me,
And you kiss'd me as if you would have choked me.
Kiss me!
Or I will thee!

(she embraces him.)

Alas! thy lips are chill,
Are still.
Whither is thy love?
Who has stolen it from me?

(she turns away from him.)

FAUST.

Come! Follow me! Take courage, dearest!

I love thee with thousandfold fire;
But follow me! I pray thee, only this!

MARGARET (*turning towards him.*)

And is it thou? And is it truly thou?

FAUST.

Tis I! then come!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt unlock my chain,
Wilt take me on thy lap again.
How is it, thou dost not avoid me, friend?
And know'st thou whom thou settest free?

FAUST.

Come! come! The night doth quickly wane.

MARGARET.

My mother I have slain,
My infant drown'd.
Was it not given to thee and me?
Thee too — 'tis thou! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream!
'Tis thy dear hand — but it is wet!
Wipe it! Methinks I see
Upon it blood.
O God! — What hast thou done!
Put up thy sword;
I pray thee, do!

FAUST.

Let what is past be past, —
Thou'lt kill me.

MARGARET.

No, thou must remain!
I will mark out the graves,
Which thou must provide for
To-morrow;
On my mother bestow the best place,
My brother beside her,
Me a little removed,
But not too far!
And our babe upon my right breast.
Nobody else will lie with me! —
To rivet my arms on thy neck,
Was rapture delicious!
That is now at an end;
It seems as though I must force myself on thee,
As if thou didst shrink back from me;
And yet it is thou,
And thy looks are so gentle, so good.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel so, come!

MARGARET.

That way out?

FAUST.

In the open air.

MARGARET.

If a grave be there,
If Death lurk without, come!
Hence to the bed of eternal repose,
And not a step further —
Thou goest? O Henry, could I!

FAUST.

Thou canst! The door is open.

MARGARET.

I dare not go; for me is naught to hope.
Of what avail is flight? They still will watch.
It is so wretched to be forced to beg,
And that too with a conscience unclean!
It is so wretched to wander abroad,
And they must detect me at last!

FAUST.

I'll stay with thee.

MARGARET.

Haste! Haste!
Save thy child.
On! The way
Towards the brook,
Over the stile,
In the forest,
To the left, near the plank,
In the pool.

Seize it quickly!
'Twill rise,
It struggles still!
Save! Save!

FAUST.

Collect thy mind!
One single step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Had we but pass'd the mountain!
There sits my mother on a stone —
An ice-cold hand is on me!
There sits my mother on a stone,
And rolls her head from side to side;
She nods not, she beckons not, her head is so heavy,
She hath slept so long, she will wake no more.
She slept that we might rejoice.
Those were felicitous times!

FAUST.

Are words, are prayers unavailing;
I then must bear thee away.

MARGARET.

Leave me! No, I will suffer no force!
Lay not such violent hands on me!
Kind was I ever and gentle to thee.

FAUST.

Day dawns! Dearest! dearest!

MARGARET.

Day! Yes, it will be day! the last day presses on;
It should have been my wedding-day!
Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret.
Oh, my wreath!
Even now 'tis done!
We shall meet again;
But not at the dance.
The multitudes move on in silence.
The square, the streets
Cannot contain them;
Now tolls the bell, — the staff is broken.
How they grapple and bind me!
I am borne to the block.
The sword which waves o'er mine,
Already's felt by every neck.
The world is speechless as the grave!

FAUST.

Would I had never lived!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without.*)

Up! or thou art lost.
Useless lingering and prattling!
My horses shiver, —
The morning breaks.

MARGARET.

What rises from the earth?
He! he! Send him away!

What would he on the sanctified spot?
He would he have!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

To God's tribunal I have given myself!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to Faust.*)

Come! come! or I will leave thee in the lurch.

MARGARET.

Father, I am thine! Oh save me!
Ye angels! All ye heavenly hosts,
Encamp yourselves around me, shield me!
Henry! I shudder, when I look at thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged!

VOICE (*from above.*)

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to Faust.*)

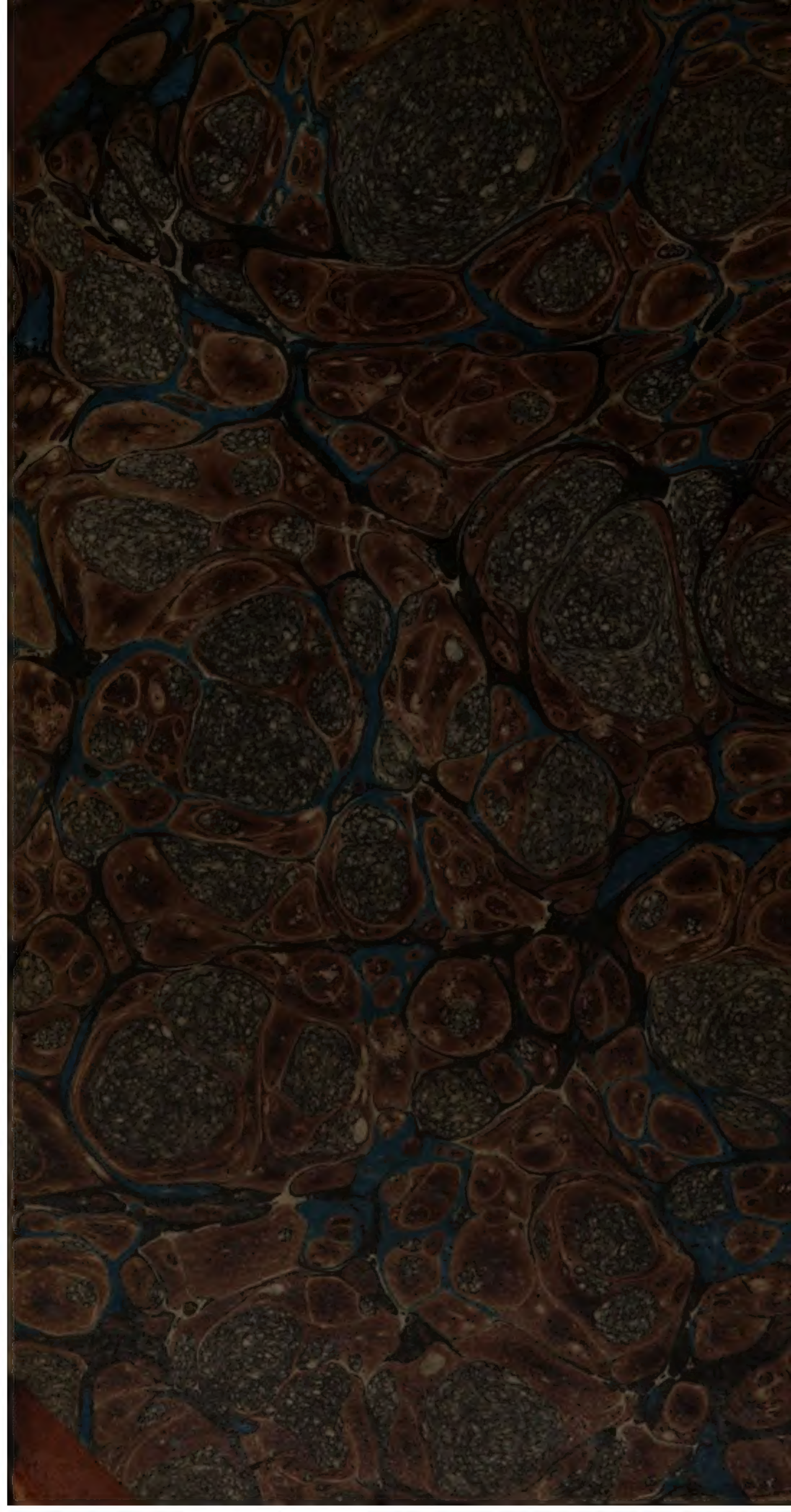
Along with me!

(*disappears with Faust.*)

VOICE (*from within, calling.*)

Henry! Henry!

THE END.



Hodges, Charles

Original Poems Translations of Demetrius, Part of the Bride of Messina and
three Scenes from Faust

Munich 1836

P.o. angl. 167 n

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